CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 107,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

U. S. P. A.

SEE FIFTH PAGE.

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Poetry.

OUTGROWTH.

Art so forlorn,
Sad Briar, because the rose is dead?
Be comforted!
Knowest thou not some future morn
Another flower shall crown instead
Thy drooping head?

Canst thou believe
That chance alone did so endow
Thy random bough?
Or shall the steadfast year deceive,
And bud and blossom disavow
And fail thee now?

Dost not divine
Thou art the root of thy fair rose
And her sweet shows?
Her beauty is not hers, but thine;
From thine own life the color flows
Wherewith she glows.

Take heart and hope!
Her glory is the growth of thee.
So shalt thou see
All beauty that is in her scope,
As long as thou thyself shalt be,
Thou hast in fee.
—[Kate Putnam Osgood in Harper's Bazar.

TOO YOUNG TO LOVE.

Too young for love?
Ah, say not so!
Tell reddening rosebud not to blow!
Wait not for spring to pass away—
Love's summer months begin with May!
Too young for love?
Ah, say not so!
Too young? Too young?
Ah, no! no! no!

Too young for love?
Ah, say nor so!
While daisies bloom and tulips glow!
June soon will come with lengthened day
To practice all love learned in May.
Too young for love?
Ah, say not so!
Too young? Too young?
Ah, no! no! no!
—[Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TWO ARE COMPANY.

There's a little nook I know
In a garden quaint and old,
Where the young folk often go,
And tales of love are told;
And I softly steal away
When I see them lingering there
For it's just as true to-day
As when I was young and fair—
True as aught beneath the sun,
"Two are company, three are none!"

And in that little nook
Sometimes I love to stay;
And down the years I look
To a time long passed away,
When a lover proud and true
Lingered ever by my side,
And neither of us knew
That the world held aught beside
Just ourselves beneath the sun,
When two were company, three were none!
—[C. Weatherly, in Cassell's Magazine.

Our Story Teller.

CHARLEY RIVERS'S DREAM.

The recent death of Charley Rivers, the widely-known painter of Fort Wayne, Ind., has revived the story of a remarkable dream of his that used to be current among his intimate friends. For many years in his life Rivers was given to habits of conviviality, and often drank too much. Upon these occasions the kindly attention which he usually paid to his wife was changed to a rudeness of behavior that shocked her relations. Her father, especially, keenly resented the harsh treatment that his daughter was forced to endure, and often threatened that he would bring about a legal separation of the pair. When the old gentleman was siezed with his last illness Rivers's conduct became more reprehensible. One day that he spent in Chicago was so given up to carousing that the evening, when he boarded the train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway for a five hours' ride home, he was very much under the influence of liquor.

As he used to tell the story himself, says a correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*, he at once fell into a troubled sleep and in a vision became the unwilling companion of his aged father-in-law. As he first saw the old man he seemed to be in an anxious frame of mind, beckoned him in a worried way and would not be satisfied until his son-in-law sighified his willingness to accompany him in the direction of a dark grove, toward which the old gentleman pointed. Rivers all at once was overcome by an ungoverable thirst (nothing strange in this, one would say), and feeling certain they would find an inn in a spring in this place, hastened to join his relative and relieve his great anxiety. As soon as the two had reached the woods, in different spots the trees seem to part, and long tongues of fire leaped up through the open spaces thus formed. The strange part of all was that Rivers was insanely eager to drink this fire, and his companion was as frantically striving to lead him in an opposite direction. The old man told him that these were unholy streams, that they maddened the souls and brains of all who learned to love their taste, and even death itself would afford no release to the torments it brought upon its devotees. They soon came to the borders of a lake formed by the fiery streams running from these burning springs. The lake seemed like a huge mirror of flame, in which he was shown his future history, if he should persist in his present dissipation. He saw his home, wife and children and himself and how all would change in his passing years. His face grew rapidly old and careworn before his sight, and seemed to fear his home-coming more and more, while the home itself fell into a hovel. His children grew up to hate the one who had been their worst enemy, and struggled on through poverty and disgrace. The last picture was the most horrible of all. He saw himself as a most repulsive being, shunned by all, seeking to avoid the gaze of his fellow men, and finally becoming the slayer of the one he had once promised only to love and protect. This picture was the most vividly portrayed and the longest reflected in the lake. Rising and falling with the waves was the ghastly head of his wife, showing where it had been severed, as if by one deadly stroke of some sharp-edged instrument. The blood was still dripping and added to the deep flame color of the waters. As he strove to flee in horror from the final scene, his companion shouted at his side: "You will spend all eternity in repeating this last act of your conscious being. This is my last warning. I pass from earth within the hour."

The dream made such a vivid impression on Rivers's mind that he was in a very nervous state when roused from his sleep at his journey's end. From the depot he was driven to his home in the suburbs of the city, a long two miles from the house of his father-in-law. He reached his door toward morning, and at once startled his wife with the statement that her father was dead. Questioned by her as to the correctness of his information, it appeared that he had no evidence but the vision on the train, which he asserted must be wholly convincing. Mrs. Rivers, in reply, assured her husband that she had called upon her father that very day, that he sat up in bed, smoked his pipe, and was unusually cheerful, evidencing, as she believed, his speedy convalescence.

The couple retired to bed, but no sleep came to Rivers. He remained broad awake, fearing another meeting with his irate father-in-law. Soon a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the painter screamed in terror to his wife: "Get up and go to the door. I tell you that your father is dead!"

Mrs. Rivers answered the knocking and admitted to the house Patrick Doyle, a young man who lived near her father's house. He related that the old gentleman had died during the night, and that his last words were about Rivers and his sprees. The painter hitched up his horse and conveyed his family to the residence of a friend. Nor did he venture to return again to his home until after the funeral, when his wife bore him company.

Rivers's friends aver that from the time when he met his father-in-law in his night ride from Chicago he was a changed man. Anyhow, whatever may have been the controlling reason, he thereafter forsook his cups and was both industrious in his business and loving to his wife until the end.

A MECHANICAL INCENDIARY.

He Arranged an Apparatus for Setting Fire to His House.

Very original was the mode adopted recently by the inhabitant of a village in the French provinces, of setting fire to his own house, says the London *Telegraph*.

Before starting on a short excursion he arranged a sort of contrivance in a loft at the top of his abode, which, as he calculated, would ere long have the effect of enveloning the building in flames.

Cats were in the habit of visiting this attic and the crafty peasant accordingly reckoned on their complicity to aid him in carrying out his plans.

Strewing the contents of half a dozen boxes of matches on part of the floor, he surgounded them with paper and other combustible materials. Over the matches a rather heavy stone was suspended from a string, which in its turn was kept in its place by a bit of bacon fastened to its other end and acting as a knot.

All his measures having been taken with due precaution, the wily countryman sallied forth, walking in a leisurely manner through the village and talking to his acquaintances.

Some hours after he had left smoke was seen issuing from his house, and his neighbors, knowing that he was absent, rushed in promptly and displayed such energy and zeal that the fire was soon put out.

It happened that they arrived in time to perceive some of the matches lying about, and a closer inspection led them to detect the mode which the absentee had employed for burning his house down.

Some time after he had taken his departure one or two members of the feline race, as he had calculated, had made their appearance in the loft and, espying the bacon, had tugged and nibbled at it until it no longer served the purpose of keeping the cord in its place. The stone had fallen with a bang on the matches, igniting them by the shock, and soon the fire had spread to the paper and other combustible materials.

The peasant had proved right in his calculation, with the single exception that he had not taken into account the zeal of his neighbors on his behalf. He was arrested.

He Got a Ring.

Frank Hilliard was born and reared away down in the wild Ozark region of Christian county, Missouri, almost within gunshot of the famous Bald-knobbers of South Missouri. He had never been out of the country, much less out of the state, and his ideas of engagement rings were limited. When pretty Sallie Diggs—pretty in spite of her length, shambling walk and freckles—insisted upon a ring before she would consider the engagement binding, Frank was nonplussed.

He expostulated without avail, scratched his head, thought a long while, and finally went away. He came back the next afternoon, his face wreathed in smiles.

"I've got her," he exclaimed, and reaching in his pocket he drew out a great ring of brass.

Sallie smiled and reached out her hand. Hank slipped the ring over the girl's largest finger, and leaning near the simple maiden, whispered:

"Now, Sal, air ye satisfied that weuns is engaged?"

"Yes, Hank." Sal whispered, shaking the ring around on her finger, but say, Hank, where did you get it?"

"Ye won't tell?"

"Nope."

"Hones's?"

"Hones's, Hank."

"Er ye must know, I cut it out outen dad's harness galluses."

Sal slipped over into Hank's arms, and as their freckled, sunburned cheeks touched, the girl whispered:

"Say, Hank, ain' ye 'fraid yer dad 'il lick ye when he finds his galluses busted?"—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

Truth in the Ship's Log.

During a certain voyage of a down east vessel the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offense the captain excused him and attended to the log himself, concluding with this:

"The mate has been drunk all day."

Next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log he discovered the entry of the captain had made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior.

"What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?"

"Wasn't it true?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it on the log."

"Well," said the captain, "since it was true it had better stand; it had better stand."

The next day the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry which the mate had made was found this item:

"The captain has been sober all day."

The captain summoned the mate and thundered: "What did you mean by putting down that entry? Am I not sober every day?"

"Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?"

"Why, of course it was true!"

"Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true, I think it had better stand; it had better stand."—[Traveller's Record.

Force of Habit With a Woman.

After shopping for the greater part of a recent afternoon a well known Brooklyn lady, with a letter in her hand, entered a drug store. She asked for and received a postage stamp.

"Anything else to-day, ma'am?" inquired the clerk.

"No, I think not," she replied; "please send it to the house."

"I—I beg pardon, ma'am," stammered the clerk, "but what is it you wish to have delivered?"

"Why, the—the——." Then, suddenly refreshing her mind, she quickly added, "Oh, well, never mind it," and took the postage stamp and walked out.

The clerk afterward said he had never seen a better illustration of the force of habit.—[N. Y. Herald.

One Man's Yellow Fever Scare.

One of the officials of the Pullman company in the office at the Wayeross depot on Monday received a fright which put his hair a la pompadour instantaneously.

He picked up a copy of the *Times-Union*, dated August 18, and sat down to read it, when his eye caught a headline, "Yellow fever raging; one death and two new cases reported to-day," and then half a column on the same subject. With a yell of horror he shouted, "My address from this minute is Atlanta, G.," and he was about to flee through the door when another clerk picked up the paper and saw that the date was August 18, 1888.

The coincidence was very remarkable, that the paper was taken up on the same date two years later.—[Florida Times-Union.

Unpardonable Offense.

Mrs. Gazzam—I'll never speak to Mrs. Jaysmith again. So there!

Gazzam—What's up?

Mrs. Gazzam—She offered me a seat in the street car, the impertinent thing!

Gazzam—I should think that was kind of her.

Mrs. Gazzam—Would you? She said: "Take my seat, please; I am younger than you." Oh, I could eat her!—[Kearney Enterprise.

He Still Guards It.

Jackson—Come, Jimson! Set 'em up. You're of age to-day.

Jimson—If you tell me where to get a dollar, I'll set 'em up.

Jackson—Why, I thought your uncle left you $100,000.

Jimson—He did; but he appointed a lawyer my guardian.—[Lowell Citizen.

Not Blind Enough.

"My dear, I'm glad to be able to assure you that my husband and I have a perfectly blind confidence in each other."

"Alas! darling, I'm sorry to say that my husband's confidence in me is is only a little near-sighted."—[Judge.

Encouragers of Feminine Piety.

Indulgent Mother—Bess, you heathen! Aren't you ever going to church again?

Miss Bessie—Yes, mamma, when there comes another wedding.—[Burlington Free Press.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

So near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.
—[John Greenleaf Whittier, in the Churchman.

A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.

A Burglar Shown That the Way of the Transgressor is Hard.

"Hark Cyrus! What was that?"

"Nothing, Emily. Let me go to sleep, will you?"

For a few moments silence reigned in the sleeping-chamber.

"Cyrus Winterbottom, there's somebody in the house! I hear a noise in the kitchen!"

Cyrus sat up in bed and listened.

"It's the cat," he grumbled, drowsily.

"A cat doesn't wear boots and go around opening doors. Hark!"

The baby stirred and Mrs. Winterbottom soothed it to rest again.

"I don't see what anybody wants to get into our kitchen for," growled Cyrus, with a yawn. "There's nothing to—heigh-ho!—to steal in that part of the house, is there?"

"Nothing to steal! There's a plateful of tarts, a pan of doughnuts and a sponge cake."

"Some of your—heigh-ho—your own concoction, Emily?"

"Yes, some of my own making. Then there's all the silverware, and—"

"Hell never get to the silverware, Emily, if he tackles the doughnuts first. You will find his horribly distorted body in the morning—"

"Hush! Hark!"

He listened again. All was quiet. But presently an unmistakable sound, as of somebody moving about on the floor below, aroused even Cyrus's dulled senses. Steps seemed to be approaching the stairway. Cyrus took his revolver out from under his pillow, climbed softly out of bed, went to the door of the room and got behind it, first having cautioned his wife in a whisper to make no noise and leave matters entirely in his hands.

Softly and stealthily came the steps up the stairway, and in a few moments the dim light of the night lamp on the dressing-case fell upon the stalwart form of a man whose face was concealed by a mask.

Mrs. Winterbottom screamed at sight of him, the baby woke up and howled, and before the burglar could recover from the momentary confusion into which this unexpected reception had thrown him, Cyrus confronted him with the revolver.

"You infernal scoundrel!" he hissed. "Don't you move a muscle, or I'll put a ball through you!"

The revolver hadn't been loaded for a year or more, and Cyrus knew it, but the burglar didn't.

The pitiful wretch stood perfectly still. "Take off your mask!" sternly commanded Cyrus.

The burglar complied. With ashen face and mean hang-dog look he stood there and said not a word. Mrs. Winterbottom had recovered her self-possession, but the baby continued to howl.

"It would serve you right, you sneaking, contemptible villain," said Cyrus in a deep, tragic voice, "if I should shoot you where you stand. I believe I'll do it, anyhow."

"Mercy! Mercy!" pleaded the trembling wretch. "It's the first time I ever broke into a house. I'll never do it again. Please let me go."

"It's the first time you were ever caught at it! It'll be the last. Down on your knees!"

"Don't kill him, Cyrus!" begged his wife. Think of the carpet!"

"Listen!" said Cyrus, coming closer to the kneeling burglar. "Hold up your hands!"

While the fellow's hands were up Cyrus rifled his pockets. He took therefrom two loaded revolvers, a bowie knife, a dagger, a sling-shot, a bottle of chloroform, and a sandbag.

"Your first offence, is it?" said Cyrus. "For a novice at the business you carry a pretty good kit of tools. Stand up!"

The burglar obeyed.

"Are you a man of family?"

"Yes, sir; O, please——"

"Stop your whining."

A look of hard, stern, relentless purpose settled on Cyrus' face. He pointed the revolver at the abject scoundrel's head again.

"Go and take that baby!" he commanded.

"Wh—what for?"

"Never mind what for! You go and take that baby!"

"Cyrus!" exclamed Mrs. Winterbottom, in dismay, "what do you mean?"

"I know what I am about, Emily. Pick up that squalling infant, you villain!"

The man obeyed.

"Handle it carefully!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Now walk the floor with it!"

For four long hours Cyrus Winterbottom held that empty revolver levelled at the head of the miserable man and compelled him to walk up and down the room with the crying, squirming infant in his arms.

At daybreak the cringing, crawling villain was permitted to sneak away from the premises, a brokenhearted man.

His raven hair had turned gray in that one night.

It was a horrible retribution, but who shall say it was not deserved? And thus we learn, my children, that crime sometimes brings its own punishment, and that the way of the transgressor continues to be hard.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Electric Pointers.

Tom (at the club)—Jack, you are an electrical expert. Your sister adores you and I adore your sister. She laughs at me for my ignorance of the science. Give me some pointers.

Jack—Well?

Tom—What's a volt?

Jack—Pressure.

Tom—What's an ampere?

Jack—Quantity.

Tom—What's an ohm?

Jack—Resistance.

Tom (same evening in the parlor)—Lucy, dearest, why this ohm to the volt of my hand? Do you not realize the ampere of my love?

Lucy (rapturously)—My own! I am yours.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

Just So.

Miss Coxwaine—Isn't this a perfect illustration of the simile Mrs. Shrieker used in her lecture at the Woman's Rights association the other day?

Mr. Stroke—About male brute force propelling the vessel of life, while the higher intellect of woman rules at the helm?

Miss Coxwaine—Exactly. Oh, dear! Here comes one of those horrid steam launches! Which string am I to pull, for goodness' sake?—[Jester.

A Cruel Blow.

"Did you hear about the arrest just now?" excitedly asked a man as he came down High street.

"No; where was it?"

"Up there in a barber shop."

"What was the man arrested for?"

"For striking a match."—[Columbus Dispatch.

LIFE AS SHE IS.

Men who strike get out of work
Throughout this pleasant clime,
But the clock is always on the strike
And still it gets full time.

I swing me in the hammock,
I swing with pleasant thrills,
I close my eyes in ecstacy
As my brain with drowses fills;
The sweet intoxication
Upon my senses grows,
And I swing, and swing, until—
Until—my stomach overlows.

Gobbs (who has just finished telling how he caught a big fish)—"I tell you it was a whopper."

Boggs—"What, the fish?"

Gobbs—"Yes, of course."

Boggs—"Oh, I thought perhaps you meant the story."

Preacher—Don't you think you had better shut up your shop on this bright Sunday morning and go to church? It seems to me that it would be a pl.asure to hear the services.

Barber—"Business before pleasure" is the rule of this shop.

Rattlebrains—Say, Smith, do you know the difference between an umbrella and an idiot?

Smith—No; what is the difference, anyway?

Rattlebrains—An umbrella you can shut up but an idiot never.

Smith—True enough; I've frequently shut up umbrellas, but I can't say that of you.

Washed Himself, Perhaps.

Boggs—What hotel did you stop at in the city?

Gobbs—The Fifth Avenue, the best hotel in the city.

Boggs—Getting way up, eh? What are the rates at the Fifth avenue?

Gobbs—I—I—don't know; I didn't inquire.

How a Farmer Tested His Men.

Farmer Crane, who lives over on the town line, has some very unique methods of examining the men who apply to him from time to time for work.

Last Friday evening a tall, big-boned fellow, in his shirt sleeves, asked Crane if he had any work to do.

"I don't know," said the farmer, "can you 'tend horses?"

"Yes, indeedy; I've worked about horses all my life."

"Come around here to the pump," said Crane, and he led the way to a common sucker-rod pump near the barn. Going inside he got a long, narrow, pitcher and placed it under the spout. "There," said he, "pump that pitcher full of water." The big-boned fellow complied, carefully pumping the pitcher full without spilling a single drop.

"That'll do," said Crane, "go inside and get ready for supper, I'll give you a job in the morning."

About a week later the big-boned fellow asked Crane what pumping the pitcher full of water had to do with his getting a job.

"Well, I'll just tell you. This is mighty dry weather and water is getting scarce. You must have thought that far, for you didn't spill any water. If you hadn't pumped too hard the water would have been spilled; and if you had pumped too hard the water would have gone over the pitcher. Now, the way I argue is this: If a fellow don't pump hard enough he won't work hard enough. If he pumps too hard he'll work too hard for a little while, and I don't want either kind to work for me. You pumped exactly right and you got a job."

A Turn in Life.

A young fellow walked briskly into a Summit street store, yesterday, and slapped down on the counter a two-dollar bill.

"Do you see that perq?" said he to the clerk, "I want a dress, no striped or dotted calico, but gingham, durned good gingham, the kind that shows up pretty well."

While the clerk was measuring off the dress, the brisk young fellow continued: "I've just made an even thirty-six dollars on a horse trade, and I was rather successful on a dog deal day before yesterday, and I'm beginning to hunger for some of the luxuries of wealth. This dress isn't for me, it's for mother; she's been working pretty hard all along, but that work is going to make 'a mighty different turn in leisure and ease, absolute ease, and she's not going to do anything but sit on the front porch and shoo the flies. I've hired a girl, ordered more than a hundred little evidences of retired life, and we're going to test this thing; we're going to see how we feel with a servant in the house. Mind you, there's no imitation or pretension about this venture; it's the real, genuine manner of life of the 1890 millionaire, without a thing left out. We've been eating good grub, doing hard work, and wearing old clothes ever since I've been able to make a noise, but now it's going to stop sop suddenly and keep stopped, too."

The Sensis Taker.

The sensis taker iz a animel wich inabits the erth onct in ten yeres, and ma be found on muddy daze carriing a buk containeing fackts and staytisticks under hiz arm. These fackts and staytisticks he gathers from varius sorces, but tha kan be relide upon sometimes.

The bizness ov the sensis taker iz tew ask for a drink and miss pepie hoo live oph the mane rode.

Timid and harmless, this animel passes the nite in sleep, and when roused up hiz manshun ar slo. He is ov medium nite, and subsists principally on food and inquizitivness.

He iz the unly animel i no ov hoo kan keep on taking things without gitting trapped up onct in a while.

The Sensis Taker comes neerer tew a Buk Ajent than enny animel i no. Awl the difference there iz yu kan hold in yur i, if you want tew. The Sensis Taker makes bold tew ask yu how menny subskribers yu hav got, and the Buk Ajent makes bold tew tell yu how menny subskribers he haz got, or words to that effeckt.

The Sensis Taker iz a interrogashun point ov large dimenshuns, and takes awl the informashun he kan git, down tew a grass ov bier.

He iz kept busy sending in his returns tew the klassifikashun, and reading ackounts ov peple hoo were missed.

I would rather take a vacashun than the Sensis. WALL-ACE.

A Saving Man.

Col. Ben Bucklin, who wins fame as a councilman and makes a living selling tickets for the Big Four, takes an economic streak every once in a while. Then he smokes the cheapest cigars, wears paper collars and shaves once in three weeks. Yesterday he thought he would save a dime or two by coloring his white straw hat black, and purchased a bottle of French polish, which he daubed on the hat until it looked as if it had been dipped in coal tar. The colonel was happy. But Col. J. B. Harter, of the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan, who is cold and calculating in the matter of figures, placed gall in Col. Bucklin's cup of joy.

"Bill, what did that shoe polish cost you?" he asked.

"Not much. Only fifty cents."

"Fifty cents, hey—hum. You can buy a black hat—a better one than you are wearing—in any store for seventeen cents. Let's see, seventeen from fifty leaves thirty-three, don't it? Yes, that's right. Now, you see, you have not only lost thirty-three cents by your false ideas of economy, but that hat has permeated this office with odors that remind one of a yellow fever hospital. I wish—"

"I don't care what you wish," roared Col. Bill; "you can go to blazes."

But Harter positively refused to go.—[Indianapolis News.

An Accident to His Name.

Dolly—What has become of Algy Browne-Delmar? I haven't seen him for a week.

Cholly—He is at home in bed, poor boy. He tried to go on both sides of a lamp post just after leaving the club, and seriously strained his hyphen.—[Terre Haute Express.

Liberal Courts.

First Criminal—Courts is mighty unreasonable.

Second Criminal—Yet I always found 'em open ter conviction.—[Epoch.

Our Serial Story.

Written Expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1890.

UNCLE SAM IN 1894;

A TALE OF OUR IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

"The best of prophets of the Future is the Past."—*Byron.*

CHAPTER V.

A TARIFF OBJECT LESSON.

WHEELER BRACKETT was named for his father's old commander—General Wheeler, of Confederate cavalry fame, remembered well by many a surviving veteran of the Army of the Cumberland. The young fellow was very bright and talkative, and the quiet Captain Hartridge found both pleasure and amusement in his frank conversation. He was a very fair sample of a Southern young man—who, by the way, differs in no wise from his Northern or Western or Eastern brother, save perhaps in his political opinions. Like thousands of other women in the South, Brackett's mother was extremely bitter in her political hatred of the North. Any Union man who was brought into contact, official or social, with the Southern women of the better class during the rebellion, knows to what extreme lengths they allowed their political feelings to carry them.

Wheeler Brackett's mother was the sister of Walthall, and just budding into womanhood during the war era. Sherman's "invasion," as she always called it, took her father's home in its line of march; in fact, one of the numerous battles of the long struggle leading up to the capture of the Atlanta occurred within sight of the home. She was then alone with her mother—for her father and brothers were all in the Confederate service, and the negroes had deserted *en masse* as soon as "Massa Linkum's men" in blue had reached the neighborhood, more eager to reach "de Nort" and freedom than to remember "the ties of mutual affection" which the Southern apologists for slavery in the ante-bellum days were wont to grow so eloquent upon. The scene of carnage that she that day gazed upon appeared to have intensified the already too deep enmity toward the North, and to the day of her death she always referred to the Union soldiers, severally and collectively, as "butchers," "murderers," and the like.

Her husband, whom she married after the war, was a Confederate lieutenant, who had been captured and sent to the prison at Sullivan's Island, where he remained until the close of the war. From his earliest years, she inculcated in her son's mind the belief that the South was right and the North wrong, and that the collapse of the Confederacy was due simply to the superior resources and numbers of the North. All these ideas cropped out in his conversations with Hartridge.

"What would you have done, Captain," exclaimed young Brackett one day, while discussing the secession of the different Southern states, "if Ohio had adopted an ordinance of secession?"

"Joined the army, as I did, and helped to whip her back to her place in the Union," was the reply.

"What! And turned traitor to your own state!"

"There is no such thing as treason to a state," returned Hartridge. "A state is not a separate political entity, and can not be, under our constitution. A man may commit treason against the United States, but not against a state, my boy."

"Were not the colonies, at the time of the adoption of the constitution and formation of the Union, each independent, not only of Great Britain, but of each other?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And could not a man then commit treason against his state?"

"Yes, again."

"Well, having joined the other states to form an union, when one of them determined to retire from the association, did she not, by that act, become independent again? And, as soon as that was done, was not the loyalty of every one of her citizens due to her alone?" exclaimed Brackett, triumphantly.

"There comes up a fundamental error again. The Union, once formed, was indissoluble. There was and is no such thing as a withdrawal from the Union. There might have been a dissolution by mutual consent of all the members thereof—the states—but that is quite a different thing from the withdrawal, at its own will, of one or more of the states, without the consent of all."

"Well," returned Brackett, "that's not the way we all look at it. And I can't see why you Northern people do not deem any loyalty due your own states. Yourself, for instance; I should think you would be proud to be a citizen of a great and flourishing state like Ohio, and proud of your loyalty to her."

"I am proud of her—proud to be her citizen; but loyalty is due only to sovereignty and Ohio is not a sovereignty. She is an integral part of the nation, and my loyalty is due to that nation—the United States."

Brackett shook his head. "Because the states divested themselves of certain powers, which they conferred on the federal government, they did not abdicate their sovereignty in other things."

"Wrong again, Brackett. The powers granted the federal government are precisely those which constitute sovereignty—the right to make treaties with other nations, to declare war, raise and maintain armies and equip navies, to coin money, to tax imports, and so on. Besides, Ohio never was sovereign."

"Never was sovereign!" echoed Brackett, surprised.

"Never. She was part of a vast tract called the Northwest territory, which we obtained from Great Britain by the treaty which closed the Revolution. She was not one of the parties to the formation of the constitution. The federal government conferred statehood on her, instead of her giving over sovereignty to it."

"That is true," said the young man, "but I never looked at it in that light before."

"The same thing is true of all the states except the original thirteen." Hartridge went on, "unless we except Texas, which claimed to be independent of Mexico, but whose claim was not allowed by that country. She was admitted on her own application; but the United States had to go to war with Mexico, and whip that country into acquiescence."

"Well, what you say seems reasonable," answered Brackett, "but it seems incredible our people should be all wrong about the whole matter. That we believed we were right is certain; for we would never have gone to war about it otherwise."

"Right and wrong are relative terms in such a matter," was Hartridge's reply. "There have always been two views of the constitution extant in this country since its adoption. The one considered it an indissoluble compact, the other a mere partnership, to be withdrawn from at will. The war settled that one question, I think for all time. The Union is indissoluble, by peaceful means. Only successful rebellion or foreign conquest will ever break it up."

But, though young Brackett was fain to confess himself worsted in these frequent discussions with his uncle's friend, they did not change his political ideas. True it is that

"He who's convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

And with the young man, as with tens of thousands of other young men in the United States to-day, political belief is a matter of early education and prejudice rather than, as it should be, of calm conviction, the result of reason.

A political party is simply an aggregation of voters who entertain similar views as to the line of policy which the government shall pursue. There is nothing fixed and unchangeable about it. Normally, a political party should be called into being to carry out some idea in governmental policy. When that has been accomplished, or when the test of successive appeals to the people at the polls has shown that a majority will not adopt it, the party should resolve itself into its individual units, that they may seek new combinations and new issues—for new issues are constantly coming up. To talk about the "eternal principles" of a party is rank demagoguery.

It is one of the evils of our politics that the tendency is to perpetuate parties, so that sons adopt a party name and allegiance because their fathers belonged to it. It makes them machines for office getting, instead of instruments for accomplishing changes in governmental policy. The young man who votes with a party because his father voted for it, and not because his reason approves its policy, is neither a true patriot nor the best type of citizen.

But, unfortunately for the Great Republic, politics is too often a heritage, as are church affiliations and social position. And this is especially true of many young men like Brackett, who obtained his political convictions from his mother. No partisan can be so bitter, so prejudiced, as a woman; and those of the South whose homes stood in the red track of War, by an elliptical logic, attributed to the politics of the Union cause the blame for the inevitable ravage, the horrible slaughter, of the fratricidal struggle.

Brackett's friends in the North modified many of his prejudices; and he soon grew reluctant to express his brusque, crude views in the presence of Hartridge and his other friends, for he found that he stood alone in holding them. To his amazement, even the Democratic youth of his acquaintance did not share them. Upon the subject of "tariff reform," however, he found a perfect accord with himself, and he had no reluctance in discussing the tariff with any one who cared to argue with him.

On one of the frequent occasions when he spent Saturday and Sunday with Hartridge, he learned that the latter had purchased a new suit of clothes. Brackett thought the opportunity a good one to illustrate the evils of protection.

"Do you think, sir, the tariff does you enough good to pay you back for the extra money it made that suit cost you?"

"Yes, I think so, and more; for the tariff did not add a cent to the cost."

"Why, it must have done so. It is wool, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Then it must have cost you at least one-half more than it would had it not been for the tariff, sir."

"I shall be glad to have you show me that it did, Wheeler. This suit is for every day use, and cost me twenty-five dollars. Now, if you are correct, it should have cost me only about sixteen and two-third dollars."

"Yes," returned Brackett, eagerly. "The duty on woolen goods used for clothing is both specific and ad valorem—the cloth pays so much per yard, according to its quality, and also a certain per cent. on its invoice price; and though I do not know the exact figures for goods of that quality, in round numbers the import duty is about fifty per cent.—which of course you paid."

"No, I don't believe I did. This suit is entirely of American-made goods. None of it came through the custom house, and so, of course, it paid no duty."

"Well, not as a duty, sir," returned Brackett; "but the American manufacturer added enough to his selling price to make it equivalent to the cost of imported goods—and so you paid about fifty per cent more than you otherwise would."

"It that be correct," returned Hartright, his eyes twinkling, "then it is a singular state of things that there are three or four large woolen mills with whose affairs I am conversant, that have, for the past six years, paid an average of less than seven per cent on the capital invested—and I know them to have been economically managed. By your showing, they should have paid nearly half their capital in profits every year."

"Their stock must be largely watered, sir," responded Brackett, confidently, "each hundred-dollar share really representing only fourteen or fifteen dollars of actual money paid in."

"Unfortunately for your argument these are not owned by stock companies, but by firms, and 'watering' can not be done in such cases. My friend Ingham is a silent partner in one of these, and to my certain knowledge he has received slightly less than seven per cent a year, as an average of the past six years, on the actual amount of money he put in."

Brackett looked at him with a surprised air. "Well, I can not explain it. What was exceptional in that mill?"

"Nothing whatever. It is as well managed, and probably is making as good a profit, as any other woolen mill in the United States. The trouble is with your argument; your premises are false."

"In what particular, sir!"

"In assuming that, because the duty is fifty per cent, that the American manufacturer makes an exorbitant profit; that he puts on his selling price enough to bring it up to the price of imported goods of the same quality, which pay duty."

"Why does he not? He has the opportunity, certainly."

"If there were but one manufacturer in America in each line, he could do so; but there are many. The competition among them keeps the price down as low as is consistent with a reasonable profit."

"I should like to understand that more clearly, sir."

"Very well, I will make it plainer. Take the cloth of this suit. Suppose that A. owns the only mill in the United States making this particular grade of cloth. All the competition he has to meet is that of imported goods. He can put his price up nearly to the cost of imported goods which pay duty. But B. sees that A. is making money, and he builds a mill to make the same grade of goods. To find sale and get customers rapidly, he sells cheaper than A. Then A. has to come down and undersell B. By this time C. and D., and perhaps others, have also gone into the same line of manufacture, and they cut prices also to get trade. Is it not plain that this competition soon brings the price down to a point below which they cannot go without making no profit at all?"

Brackett laughingly responded: "Yes, sir, all that looks reasonable; but does that condition of things actually occur?"

"If you desire proof, you can have it the next time you go to your tailor in Cleveland to buy a suit of clothes. Ask him to show you English suitings, and get the price of your suit, made from imported cloth; then ask him to show you American-made cloth of the same grade and quality, and find the price on that."

"Will it be much lower?"

"Take this suit; as I told you, it is American cloth, and cost me twenty-five dollars. A similar suit of English cloth of the same quality—not one whit better in appearance, and which will wear no longer—would have cost me thirty-four dollars. There is the proof that competition among our own manufacturers keeps the price down to the proper level; for if it did not, is it not plain that this suit would have cost me as much as if made of imported cloth?"

Brackett laughed. "You have the better of me in this case, captain, but I shall try to find out one in which your rule won't apply. There is too much outcry against the tariff tax not to have some foundation of truth."

"I shall frankly own it if you can bring me the instance. The tariff is not a tax unless you buy imported goods. If you are content with the products of American labor and skill, you will pay none—in spite of all the demagogues may say."

CHAPTER VI.

FROM the southern shore of Lake Erie to Hartridge's residence the distance was hardly a quarter of a mile; in point of fact, his land skirted that grand inland sea for some distance, but the house had been erected at the other end of the farm for two reasons—first, so as to be on the high road; second, to avoid the keen lake winds of winter and early spring. A belt of timber between the house and lake also served to shelter it from the latter, with the drawback of also cutting off the view. Such neglect of the ever-beautiful water view is common along the Great Lakes, considerations of convenience outweighing the pleasure of dwelling constantly within sight of the splendid plain of deep green water, sweeping away to the distant horizon where the sky and sea meet and blend in one hazy line—sublime in storm, beautiful in calm, and magnificent always.

To Wheeler Brackett the lake was a source of intense pleasure, as a large body of water is always to one who has hitherto dwelt far inland. Like all reared in mountain land, a hill country was dear to him; but he found the level surface of northern Ohio endurable because of the pleasures of yachting, boating and fishing which Lake Erie placed within his reach. And he never visited the Hartridge home that he did not devote a part of the time to aquatic amusements.

In all these, he found a willing coadjutor in Hester Ingham. The girl was an intense lover of outdoor life. The town of Claybank was too far from the lake for daily access, and she, like young Brackett, often made a visit to "Uncle Hartridge"—for, like her mother in her girlhood, she called the captain "uncle"—the excuse, when an afternoon on the lake was the real object to be attained.

Brackett was only some three years her senior, and the two became fast friends and companions. The younger Hartridges were quiet children, caring but little for the sports relished by Hester and her boy friend, and the two were thus thrown the more together by their dependence upon each other for companionship, when they happened to meet at the farm.

Young Brackett had bought at a bargain a little sail-boat, which Hester had christened the "Scud," and dignified with the title of yacht, though her lines were rather clumsy for that designation. She was kept in a boat-house belonging to Captain Hartridge, in return for which favor Brackett placed her at the disposal of the family whenever they desired to use her. Hester Ingham was, however, the person who most frequently availed herself of the privilege. As the Scud, though somewhat slow, was thoroughly staunch and safe, she was allowed to amuse herself as much as she desired in sailing; and she soon became expert in that fascinating sport.

One afternoon she and Brackett were in the boat. The breeze, which had been ample when they started, died away until it was only sufficient to propel the Scud slowly through the water. Hester sat in

DEEP SEA TREASURES.

30,000 VESSELS LOST IN 22 YEARS.

Treasure Lost Two Hundred Years Ago Recovered by Divers—Romantic Adventures Connected With the Search.

Few of us can form the smallest conception of the vastness of the treasures which the sea has entombed. Public opinion has, however, been recently called to the subject by the successful floating of a company, formed for the purpose of recovering treasure of two French ships, one L'Orient, a line-of-battle ship, blown up by the Nelson at the battle of the Nile, and the other the Maza Muudo, a large transport; both wrecks sunk in Aboukir bay. The result of this adventure is being watched with deep interest, and if successful, will as surely lead to many similar expeditions. It seems, therefore, a convenient opportunity for drawing attention to some curious particulars concerning

RECOVERY OF SPECIE

and other valuables lost at sea by battle, fire, or tempest, together with some instances in which money has been left to next-of-kin of persons believed to have been lost at sea.

The first of the two ships above referred to (L'Orient) is stated to have had on board specie of the value of no less than £600,000, besides other treasure, the spoil of a raid on a Roman Catholic cathedral at Valetta, and an immense quantity of other valuables.

DIVERS MOVING A CANNON.

The vessel had been dispatched with money to Bonaparte, to pay the arrears due to the French forces. Capt. Posonby, in some experimental efforts, recently succeeded in recovering from the deck of the vessel a French officer's sword and several other interesting relics; but of much more importance was the recovery, from the stomach of an enormous sword-fish, of two wooden boxes, measuring eight inches by ten, filled with rough diamonds. This monster fish had caused a good deal of uneasiness to the divers, by its apparently rival researches around the wreckage.

A parallel case to L'Orient is that of the Latine, a warship of 32 guns, wrecked off the coast of Holland in 1799. This vessel sailed from the Yarmouth Roads on October 9 of that year, with

AN IMMENSE QUANTITY OF TREASURE

for the Textel. In the course of the day it came on to blow a heavy gale; the vessel was lost and went to pieces. Salving operations in eighteen months resulted in the recovery of £80,000 in specie.

In 1814 further attempts were made to get at the wreck, which had become deeply imbedded in the sand, but with very indifferent success—the result of seven years' toil (1814-1821) being the recovery of only a few pieces of silver. In 1822 several thousand pounds were spent in diving operations, but the result was absolutely nil. Next, Lloyd's appeared on the scene, and, after much negotiation, the Dutch government agreed to hand over half of any further salvage recovered to Lloyd's. From 1822 till 1857 spasmodic efforts were made to fish up further specie, but the result was merely anxiety and vexation of spirit to those engaged in the venture. In 1857 a further agreement was entered into between the Dutch government and Lloyd's, and from 1857 to 1861 (sixty years after the wreck took place) great good fortune attended the efforts of the searchers, about £25,000 being the amount of Lloyd's share. Some interesting relics were also found, including part of the ship's rudder and her bell.

"THESE CASES CONTAINED IDOLS."

In 1871 the Society of Lloyd's obtained a special act of Parliament for the purpose (amongst other things) of applying the said sum of £25,000 toward salving operations. These efforts appear to have been further successful, for only two years since a gun was salved and presented to the city corporation. It is predicted that should the bed of sand now covering the wreck be shifted in a storm, the salving operations could be continued much more successfully.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE

of recovery of specie is recorded in 1806, when sixty-two chests of dollars, of the value of about £70,000, were fished up by means of a diving bell from the Abergavenny, sunk some years previously at Weymouth.

The British frigate De Book, lost in a storm off Lewes, in the United States, in 1798, is stated to have on board no less than £52,000,000 worth of jewels and specie taken from an intercepted Spanish fleet while on her voyage to Halifax, and with it were also taken 250 prisoners. The latter were in irons on the lower decks when the vessel foundered and all were lost. Many years afterwards (in 1881) search was being actively prosecuted by a diving company for the purpose of recovering this specie, the result of which has not yet been chronicled.

It would scarcely be believed that valuables have been recovered nearly 250 years from the date of the wreck, but nevertheless it is recorded that the good ship Harlecm, which was driven ashore in Table Bay in May, 1648, and became a total wreck, had on board many cases full of curiosities and antiquities for

DIVERS IN DANGER.

sale to European museums. These cases contained idols, rare china, glass, silver, etc. As lately as 1883 salving operations were rewarded by the recovery of several of these articles. The china was not at all injured by having been 235 years under the sea, but the silver articles had suffered considerably.

Another very notable case—not only for the amount of treasure on board, but also for the big "windfall" for the salvors—is that of the Thetis, a British frigate, wrecked off the coast of Brazil in 1830, with £162,000 in bullion on board. The hull went to pieces, leaving

THE TREASURE AT THE BOTTOM

in five or six fathoms of water. The admiral of the Brazil station and the captains and four sloops-of-war were engaged for eighteen months in recovering the treasure. The service was attended with great skill, labor, and danger, and four lives were lost. A good deal of litigation was the result, as disputes arose between the parties as to the amount of reward for the salvors. The Court of Admiralty awarded £17,000; the Privy Council, £29,000, and £25,800 for expenses.

In the reign of James II. a very successful salving expedition took place. A rich Spanish vessel, which had been lost on the coast of South Africa, rewarded her salvors with no less than £300,000, stated to have been 44 years at the bottom of the sea. A medal was struck in honor of this event in 1687.

This article would hardly be complete without a short reference to the "Wreck Register." It appears that between 1855 and 1857 no less than 20,168 vessels were wholly lost or damaged by storms, collisions, etc. During the same period it is said to record that 23,331 lives were lost, and even this large total would have been doubled had it not been for the British Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and other means of rescue, which were instrumental in saving 23,939 lives.

In 1882 a curious question was raised before the Civil Tribunal at Marseilles. A husband and wife perished in a boat accident, and on the question as to who was the survivor the disposal of £75,000 depended.

A similar remarkable case was decided in 1767. The facts are these:

In October, 1766, Gen. Stanwix, his second wife, and daughter, set sail in the same vessel from Dublin for England; the vessel was lost at sea, and no account of the manner of her perishing could be discovered. The maternal uncle and next-of-kin of Miss Stanwix claimed the effects under a maxim of the civil law, that where parent and child perished together, and the manner of their death is unknown, the child is supposed to always survive the parent. The nephew of the general, however, succeeded in making good his claim to be the administrator, in opposition to the uncle.

HER MEANING.

I hold my darling in my arms,
'Tis natural—we're engaged, you know—
And as I kiss her rosy lips
I hear her murmur, "Go."

"But why? my love, 'tis early yet,
You surely cannot mean it so."
Again I kiss her, and again
She softly whispers, "Go."

Then, with a half indignant air,
Her meaning I desire to know,
And bee that she will tell me where
She wishes me to go.

Uplifts she then two laughing eyes.
"You need not look so angry, John,
Because," the little witch replies,
"I only meant, 'Go on.'"

—[The Jester.

Strictly Business.

Spokesman (to Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon).—"The World's Fair Boom Association" of Chicago has appointed us a committee to come over an' buy this 'ere old Shakspere house, down the street. We've inspected her, an' she seems to be genuine. We want to ship her home an' set her up on the fair grounds. Now, what'll ye take fer her?—[Puck.

WHY HE WAS LEAVING TOWN.

An Undertaker Explains How Ungrateful Some People Can Be.

"I remember," said the colonel when the party reached the end of a good dinner and the waiters stood behind the chairs with lighted matches, "I remember an incident which stamped upon my mind the fact that when a man has an eye for business he has eyes for nothing else."

The colonel tells a story well and paused here, waiting for the cigars to be lighted and for the inspiring fragrance of the Havanas.

"I shall not tell you how long ago it was, for I am getting too old to speak lightly of decades. But when I first set foot—and it was a tender foot, let me say—in Hugo, Col., I at once conceived a great respect for a man named Higgins. I could not help feeling a reverence for Higgins. Higgins was an undertaker. He was the only undertaker within a hundred miles and was getting rich. Never a day passed but my friend Higgins had a funeral on hand. He was the most cheerful undertaker, perhaps, that ever flourished.

"I remember well the day that I bade Higgins good-by. He was light-spirited as a grasshopper, and a thousand times expressed his regret that I was going into the interior until I felt clammy lest he might be grieved at the thought that some one else might have the profitable job of burying me.

"When I next saw Higgins it was after a two years' experience of chasing wild steers. I was glad to see him, he was such a jolly old undertaker.

"'Hello, Higgins,' I said cheerfully when I walked into his establishment. 'How are you, old man?'

"Higgins shook his head mournfully, and then I stopped short in amazement, for I saw that he was nailing down boxes and packing up his stock.

"'You aren't going to move, are you?' I cried in surprise, but he only jammed a roll of crape into a dry-goods box and went on with his work.

"'See here, Higgins,' I cried, 'what's the trouble? Tell me about it.'

"The old man turned on me wrathfully.

"'Ain't I been one o' Hugo's best citizens?' he asked sternly.

"'You have, Higgins.'

"'Ain't I paid my taxes?'

"'You have, my friend.'

"'Didn't I organize a board of Education?'

"'You did.'

"'Wasn't I its president?'

"'You certainly were, and a good one, although we haven't any school yet.'

"'Didn't I head the citizens' movement for law and order?'

"'You did, Higgins.'

"'Well, that's all. Now, how do you think this pesky town has treated its foremost citizen?'

"'Tell me, Higgins. You have my sympathy.'

"'Well, I was makin' a decent livin'. I let out contracts for the only brick building in the town.'

"'Yes.'

"'I was goin' to call it the Higgins block. I was goin' to let the Volunteer fire department have rooms in my block for nothin'. I proposed to have a temperance union in the town. I hoped to have a free library. You know I'm a progressive citizen, don't you?'

"'You are, Higgins.'

"'Well, what do you think this town has done to me?'

"'Surely nothing bad, Higgins.'

"'Nothing bad!' he screamed. 'Do you know what they've done? They've lynched Bill Smith, and if ever there was a cowardly blow aimed at a foremost citizen, it was that.'

"'But you can bury him, Higgins.'

"'Bury him!' he screamed. 'Bury him! Bury Bill Smith! Why, man, Bill Smith was makin' a fortune for me. He killed his man as regular as the sun went down; and I buried every one of 'em. He was worth $25 a day to me, he was. So I'm goin' to leave Iowa. This town don't offer no inducements to an honest man like me. Think what I've done for 'em. I was goin' to erect a monument to our departed brothers. And now there won't be a death in this town once a month. Poor Bill!' and Higgins seized a winding-sheet and tried to stifle his sobs."—[N. Y. Tribune.

An Ancient Watch.

A watch nearly two centuries old has come to the notice of the *Jewelers' Review*. The movement is inscribed, "Augustin L. Hacke, Friedberg," in German text, and the dial is ornamented with the figures of a man and woman in oldtime German costume, and bears the name "Andreas Schuster" in old Continental text. The watch is provided with an ingeniously arranged bell, which strikes the hours by a single stroke and quarter hours by a double stroke in a slightly altered key. It may be made to strike at any time and as often as the owner may wish to push the thumb-screw provided for the purpose—a great convenience in the darkness and a prime necessity to a blind person. The piece still keeps accurate time.

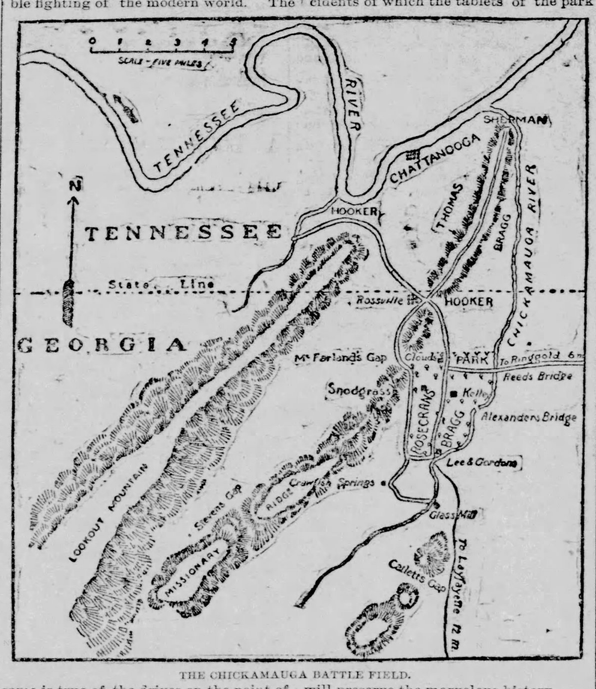
CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

A GRAND MILITARY OBJECT-LESSON.

A National Reservation of Magnitude and Historic Interest—Designation of the Important Points From the Map.

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park; which Congress has just established by the passage of the Grosvenor bill, is a project of much greater proportions than any except those familiar with the territory which it embraces will at first appreciate, says Gen. H. V. Boynton, in a recent letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*.

It is fourteen miles from the point where Hooker's troops crossed Lookout creek to assault the mountain, by way of Rossville and the crest of Missionary Ridge, to the ground where Sherman's army deployed for battle after crossing the Tennessee. It is a drive of twenty miles from this field of Sherman's troops to Glass's Mills, above Lee and Gordon's on the Chickamauga, which marked the Union right and the Confederate left the first day at Chickamauga. Every foot of this drive is over fighting ground; most of it was hot fighting ground, and much of it witnessed some of the most remarkable fighting of the modern world. The



THE CHICKAMAUGA BATTLE FIELD.

same is true of the drives on the point of Lookout Mountain through that immortal field.

The map shows the main features of the great park and its approaches. The park proper embraces the entire battlefield of Chickamauga. The bill provides for its purchase by the government. It contains twelve and three-quarters square miles.

The roads designated on the map by double lines are the approaches to the park, and form a part of it. Jurisdiction will be ceded by the states of Tennessee and Georgia, and the government will thereafter care for the roads, and at the same time keep them open to the public. There will be historical tablets placed along all of them, either of iron or bronze, setting forth the positions and strength of the various commands through all the grades from regiments and batteries up to the corps and army headquarters.

In the park and its approaches there are 67 miles of drives which will be thus clearly marked. After the tablets, which are to be prepared and erected by the government, will come, in due time, the monuments which the states will set up, after the general plan adopted at Gettysburg.

A brief examination of the approaches to the park will at once bring out the imposing features of this portion of the project. The system of approaches was devised to meet the insuperable difficulty of buying Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge for park purposes at moderate prices. But the roads over the mountain and along the crest of the ridge passed through both the old battle-fields, and so revealed their every feature that tablets along these roads would clearly and accurately show every needed detail of the battles. The plan was, therefore, adopted of selecting a sufficient number of public roads about Chattanooga and Chickamauga, and making them the approaches to the park and integral parts of it, to reach or overlook every portion of the respective fields.

The approaches through Hooker's field on Lookout Mountain begin at the two crossings of Lookout creek, opposite Osterhaus's and Geary's positions, respectively, and run over the north point of the mountain, including both roads, the one next the river, which passed through the confederate right, and the one near the Craven house, under the cliffs, which ran through the left of the confederate line. These approaches unite on the east slope of the mountain and run thence to Rossville. There are at least eight miles of these roads. The Missionary Ridge approach starts on Sherman's battle field, between the north end of Missionary Ridge and the Tennessee river, ascends the ridge and passes along its crest to Rossville. This approach is eight miles. It runs exactly along Bragg's line, and was the objective point of the assault of the Army of the Cumberland under Gen. Thomas and the assault of Gen. Sherman.

The approaches to Chickamauga field are the Lafayette or State road from Rossville to Lee and Gordon's Mills, which was the objective of both days' battles; the road from Rossville, by way of McFarland's Gap to Lee and Gordon's, and thence to Crawfish Springs and Glass Mills, which formed the main lines of Rosecrans's movement to the field, and from it to Chattanooga; and lastly the road from Reed's bridge to Ringgold, six miles in length, over which, from the last named place, the head of Bragg's columns advanced to battle, and upon which, two miles west of Reed's bridge, the battle opened.

A table of distances for three approaches of the park will be found of assistance in forming an idea of the vast proportions of the project.

	Miles.
Lookout Creek to Sherman's field, via Rossville	14
Sherman's field to Rossville	8
Rossville to Lee and Gordon's	7
Lee and Gordon's to Glass Mills	7
Lookout Creek to Rossville, including two roads over the mountain	8
Reed's bridge to Ringgold	6
Rossville, via McFarland's to Crawfish Springs	8
Total approaches	42
Roads inside the park	25
Total roads	67

These 67 miles of memorable roads are for the most part already in fair condition. All of them can be easily traveled in carriages. The plan contemplates putting them in excellent order, and leaving those portions of the field of Chickamauga which they pass through in their present condition, except as the cutting out of underbrush may be necessary to restore the field to what it was when the armies entered it. Except in the growth of timber, the whole battle-field remains almost unchanged.

It will thus be seen that the great park and its widely extended approaches cover the fields of five days' engagements, besides many minor affairs. First in order come the two days' tremendous and unparalleled struggle at Chickamauga between the Army of the Cumberland and the Confederate armies concentrated under Bragg. For this engagement the cold and terrible figures of casualties show it to have been the deadliest battle of the modern world. The dates were the 19th and 20th of September, 1863. Next came the three days' battles about Chattanooga on the 23d, 24th and 25th of November following. They embraced the capture of Orchard Knob and its adjacent lines by the Army of the Cumberland, under Gen. Thomas, on the first day; the battle of Lookout Mountain, under Hooker, the second day, and the grand culmination of the third day when Sherman fought at the north end of Missionary Ridge and Hooker at its south end, while Thomas stormed and carried three miles of its intervening crest.

At Chickamauga Rosecrans with the Army of the Cumberland fought the concentrated Confederacy. At Chattanooga Bragg faced a concentration of Union forces. Troops came from New England and all the Central, East and West and from the Northwest to meet him. Three armies under the eye and direction of Grant fought against him, and at the end the wonderful mountain stronghold of the Confederacy passed irrecoverably into Union control. Within the park and along its approaches were five days of battles between great armies. At Chickamauga were Rosecrans and Thomas, Bragg, Longstreet and Polk. At Chattanooga were Grant, Thomas, Sherman and Hooker with their armies, against Bragg with a smaller force, but established on mountains and ridges which seemed impregnable.

Within the proposed Chickamauga park raged for two days, and continuously at point blank range, the deadliest fight of modern times. The statistics show this. Of Longstreet's three assaults on the Horseshoe, on Sunday afternoon, at Chickamauga, each succeeded in numbers and losses the famous Pickett charge at Gettysburg. Hooker's storming of Lookout Mountain will ever remain a wonder of military execution. The assault of the Army of the Cumberland upon Missionary Ridge, with a front of three miles, is but one of the incidents of which the tablets of the park will preserve the marvelous history.

Every form of field fighting had its illustration in this park. It raged in the thick woods and tangled underbrush, in the open plains, on mile after mile of precipitous ridges, through many gorges and upon mountain crags on slopes which sweep up to the clouds.

When fully established—and under the provisions of the bill which has passed and the energetic direction of Secretary Proctor it will be speedily established—the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park will be beyond all question the most remarkable object lesson in war which any government has yet provided.

The legal proceeding for the acquisition of title of the park will go forward at once, and much of the preliminary work of establishing it, including the needed surveys, will be in progress at an early day.

AN UNEXPECTED BATH.

A Young Lady's Involuntary Plunge Without Her Bathing Suit.

A well-known young lady of this city recently met with an accident which has occasioned her much annoyance by reason of the good-natured rallying of her friends. It would hardly be fair to mention the lady's name, but her acquaintances will readily recognize her by her many accomplishments, among the latter being that of horseback riding, in which she is an expert. She never lacks for escorts in her rides about the country, and a few days since she and a male companion—also well known in the city—rode out to one of the lakes beyond the northern boundary of the city.

While riding along the beach the gentleman suggested that it would be a good play to allow the horses to drink, and, acting on the suggestion, they rode into the water until it nearly reached the stirrups of their saddles. It was a warm day, they had been riding fast, and the cool water was very grateful to the beasts. The horse which the young lady was riding, after enjoying the situation for some minutes, seemed to reason that if simply to have his legs submerged was so pleasurable it would be much more so to put his whole anatomy under water.

Acting on this idea, he proceeded to lie down, entirely regardless of his fair burden. There was a feminine scream, a splash, a masculine ejaculation, another splash, and then the gentleman was wading to the shore, carrying the dripping form of his companion in his arms. Several spectators who had arrived on the scene say that it took the gentleman an unreasonably long time to reach terra firma, but he finally succeeded in landing. Now the young lady declares she will never, never ride into the water again, but she probably does not mean it, while the young man acts as though he would give a week's salary to have the accident occur again.—[St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Dan Rice and the Judge.

Dan Rice, the old-time clown, is passing his summer in New York, and looks as fresh as a boy from school. He lectures some nowadays and knows how to give an interesting talk. Occasionally he meets a venerable person who laughed at his jokes and grimaces nearly fifty years ago, and who recalls his grand old educated horse Excelsior, over which Dan himself has shed many a tear. One day a United States justice shook hands with him on the rear of a Broadway car. "Uncle Dan," said the justice, "you don't know me, and this is the first time in my life that I have ever spoken to you, but when I was a boy I crawled under your tent to see you, got caught by a canvasman, and had powdered resin sprinkled all over my hair." The justice and the ex-clown had a great laugh over the incident.—[New York World.

You may sing of the beauty of springtime
That glows on the cheek of the young,
But I sing of a beauty that's rarer
Than any you've ever heard sung.
The beauty that's seen in the faces
Of women whose summer is o'er,
The autumn-like beauty that charms us
Far more than the beauty of yore.

But this beauty is seen too rarely. The faces of most women lose the beauty of youth ere sorrow, female disorders and the like frosts which come to nip the flowers which betoken good health, without which there can be no real beauty. If our American women would fortify themselves against the approach of the terrible disorders so prevalent among them, by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, their good looks would be retained to a "sweet old age." This remedy is a *guaranteed* cure for all the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

The Usual Way.

Waiter—Will you gentlemen have your coffee now, or later on?

Guest—We will take it right now.

Waiter—I was going to say, if you wanted it right away, you will have to wait about half an hour.—[Texas Siftings.

Luck,

Is a word which should have no place in any vocabulary. A man must have ability to succeed, and a medical preparation, merit. There is no luck about SOZODONT. It was sure to succeed from the first, because it was good, and did all that was claimed for it.

CRUEL PA.

"I've bought a bonnet, Papa, dear;
My beau declares 'tis trimmed with skill;
I have no funds and I've come here
To see if you will foot the bill."

"Your beau! and what may be his name!"
The father roughly questioned her;
She hung her head, with cheeks aflame,
She softly answered, "William, sir."

His eyes shone with a dangerous light:—
"Hum! So he says 'tis trimmed with skill?
Well, bring him to the house to-night,
And I will gladly foot your Bill."

—[Boston Courier.

CENTRAL AFRICAN COOKING.

Curious Articles of Diet and How They Are Prepared.

As a rule only one principal meal is eaten in Central Africa—in the early part of the evening—says the New York *World*. It usually consists of parrot soup, roasted or stewed monkeys, alligator eggs (also well liked by Europeans), and birds of every description. They also have Moambo, or palm chops, and fish. A great delicacy, so considered by Europeans and natives alike, is elephant's feet and trunk. These have somewhat the taste of veal. To prepare them the natives dig a hole about five feet deep in the sand, and in it build a large fire. After the sand is thoroughly heated the fire is removed, leaving only the ashes in the hole. The trunk and feet are placed in this hole and covered with leaves, and afterward with hot sand. In two hours they are done.

All carcasses of animals which are to be cooked are placed on a block of wood and pounded until every bone is broken, care being taken not to tear or bruise the skin. They are then boiled or roasted on an open wood fire, or in hot sand or ashes, without removing the hide or feathers. The cooking is of a very inferior grade, the only spices used being salt and pepper. The kitchen utensils consist of common earthen or wooden ware. Very little time is taken for setting or decorating the table; knives, forks and napkins are dispensed with.

Africans have several vegetables well liked by Europeans. N'gutti-n'sengo is a dish eaten all over Africa. It consists of egg plant, small fish something like our sardines and the roots of the cassava or manioca plant (called n'gutti), which have a knotty appearance and often weigh as much as twenty pounds.

As the latter contains poison, the manioca is soaked in water for three to four days to extract the poisonous substance. It is then cut and sliced and small tomatoes are added. All is placed in a vessel with water and seasoned with salt and pepper and boiled. Moambe, or, as the Europeans call it, palm chops, is also a favorite dish. The palm nuts are first boiled in water until the pulpy substance loosens from the pit, then the shell, which contains a very delicious oil, is placed in a wooden mortar and crushed to obtain the oil. Whatever the meal consists of—meat, fish, mussels—is put in a vessel, adding the oil and the pulpy part of the palm nut, also red pepper and salt, and is boiled. Roast or boiled squash (loenge) is generally eaten with it. Sweet potatoes (mbsilia benga) are more farinaceous and sweeter than ours, but do not taste so good. They are boiled or roasted.

Bananas (bitaebe) weigh about half a pound each and are about fifteen inches long. When half ripe they are cut in slices and boiled in water with salt and pepper.

N'sensi is a little red bean, which is boiled in water without salt and pepper and is freely eaten. For peanut bread (chisulu) the peanuts are first roasted and then crushed. This mass is then rolled and put into the skin of a banana, adding a little pressure, forming it into a body. It readily retains this shape from the pressure of the oily substance in the peanut.

A DIVORCE ON THE SPOT.

A Colored Couple Who Couldn't Agree "Nohow and Noway."

City justices of the peace have plenty of opportunity to study human nature, particularly colored human nature.

A colored couple walked into Justice Sheftall's office yesterday, and in one breath, both asked the justice for a divorce. They were evidently man and wife, but were anxious to break the tie which bound them. The justice let the couple tell their story out of curiosity. It was a tale of conjugal infelicity and mutual dissatisfaction.

The man got in his story first. He said: "You see, judge, I meet dis woman in Beaufort, and I marry her. Dat's six years ago. We lib tergedder one year, and den we separate. We stay part two years, and den we come tergedder again. We lib tergedder a while, and den part again. We no 'gree on nuttin'. I get me anoder woman, she get her anoder man. Bimeby I came to Savannah and I find her here, and we get togedder again. I try to lib wid dat woman. I work hard and I s'port her. Last night I work all night, and I come home early in the morning. When I open de door I see a long yallar-looking nigger dere. I say, to my wife, I say, 'Woman, what dis mean?' 'Bout dat time dat nigger jump out and go troo de window, and carry de sash wid him. I 'quire of my wife what dat all means. She say, 'He my brudder, just come from Charleston last night.' I know dat's a lie, and we hab some jars. We 'gree to come up and get you to verce us. 'Taint no use tryin' to lib tergedder. It's just de same old wrangle all de time."

"Dat nigger is a liar, judge," spoke up the woman. "He can't tell de truf, no how, and I want to be 'vorced from him."

Justice Sheftall explained that he was not allowed by law to divorce couples, but, seeing they were agreed together that they never could agree, he told them to go to a lawyer and put the case in his hands.

The last seen of the couple they were going down Bryan street. Marriage was certainly a failure in their case.—[Savannah News.

ONLY GOOSEBERRY WINE.

Much That is Sold for Champagne is Not the Genuine Article.

"Not a little of the alleged champagne now sold in this country as the genuine French article," said a prominent wine importer to a Philadelphia *Inquirer* reporter, "is simply ripened gooseberry wine, bottled and labeled to represent well known brands. It not only looks but also tastes like champagne, and it has its sparkle and foam as well. Very few champagne drinkers in this country can tell the difference when ripened gooseberry wine is palmed off upon them. It is an exceedingly palatable beverage, and has the merit of being wholesome as well as inviting.

"Another point in its favor is that it can be sold at a comparatively cheap rate and still afford a good profit to the dealer. It is far preferable to the manufactured champagnes which used to be sold here so largely and which were simply poison in disguise."

The Great Benefit

Which people in run down state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

Venus and Adonis.

They struck town Tuesday, pictures of rural health and unsophisticated happiness. Down our main street they wandered, side by side, hand in hand. They saw not the light of heaven, naught but the light of the gentle flame of love illuminated their path and enabled them to see their way to Justice Pierce's, where their aching, throbbing hearts were soldered into one, blissful and indivisible forever and evermore. After the nuptial knot was knotted, the happy pair went to Hotaling's grocery and invested in two slices of watermelon.—[Sidney (N. Y.) Record.

The Place to Get Another.

"I've lost the key to the cedar closet," remarked Mrs. Hojack.

"We'll have to send all the way to Florida for another," replied her husband.

"How's that?"

"Florida is the only state where you can find Cedar Keys."—[Inter Ocean.

To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Cutting Down Expenses.

"What do you think of our new monthly magazine?"

"You'd save money if you'd do just one thing with it."

"Always glad of suggestions. What do you recommend?"

"Make it an annual."—[The Epoch.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

A Deserter's Adventure.

BOUT twelve years ago a private soldier—Private Brown, I'll call him—was stationed at one of the United States frontier posts. His military service had not been of so long duration as to entitle him to the appellation of "veteran," as his date of enlistment was a little less than a year preceding the tragedy here related. The regular routine of military service had become exceedingly irksome to Private Brown. He grew tired of his post, of his duties, of his surroundings, of everything pertaining to martial life, and pined to throw off the "blue" and once more don the familiar habiliments of a citizen. While in this frame of mind the tempter came to Private Brown, and the bold soldier yielded. Unfortunately for himself, as the sequel will show, and still more unfortunate in their subsequent adventure were his companions.

At that time the Sioux war was raging. Sitting Bull's warriors were committing depredations all over that section, and it was unsafe for persons, unless well armed and in considerable numbers, to leave the post. Notwithstanding this state of affairs, every now and then small parties of adventurers, sometimes only two or three in number, would come into the fort, stop a day, and proceed on, generally to the Black Hills, then the great objective point of all Western-bound wanderers.

One day two men came into the fort and, tarrying awhile, made the acquaintance of Brown. Being mutually agreeable, they proposed to the soldier that he accompany them to the Black Hills. The proposition suiting Private Brown, he assented thereto, and the next evening they set out on their journey, the soldier deserting his command and taking his rifle with him. They traveled all that night, the deserter being anxious to place as long an interval as possible between himself and the military authorities.

They continued their journey more leisurely the next day, taking a long halt for breakfast, and resting two or three hours for dinner.

Toward the close of the afternoon they saw at a distance what they took to be a herd of elk, which shortly disappeared; but in less than an hour again became visible on a distant hill. From this time the objects drew gradually nearer, and about sundown it was discovered that the supposed band of elk was a small party of Sioux warriors, who seemed to have detected the adventurers early in the afternoon, and had leisurely followed them, purposely keeping at a distance until the time for action had arrived. Upon discovering who their pursuers were, the white men immediately sought shelter. Any they could find was inadequate, but in that country, as is common in the plains, frequent depressions are found in the ground, of slight depth, in which, if a man lie prostrate, he is partially screened from any missile that may be directed at him. The three fugitives speedily found, and ensconced themselves in, separate rifle pits as provided by nature, and awaited the onset. The savages, however, did not charge upon them, nor did they for some time commence any offensive movements. After the manner of the Indians, they waited until it became so dark that objects became indistinct, when they began to circle around the besieged, riding faster and faster, and occasionally discharging their rifles, all the while yelling like demons. Every instant the unfortunate white men expected the entire band to ride over them. During all this time they did not fire a shot, partly because their supply of ammunition was very limited, but principally because in the obscurity a shot fired at the swiftly circling savages would almost certainly be thrown away.

So after amusing themselves in this manner for an hour or more, the Indians ceased their operations and apparently withdrew from the field. During the remainder of the night until daybreak all was quiet. Not a sign of an Indian was visible. The three adventurers, however, fearing a ruse, remained in their holes, keeping vigilant watch all night. Their suspicions were well founded. Just as day was breaking, with a fierce yell the Indians burst suddenly upon them. This time they came in deadly earnest. Round and round they circled, circling nearer and nearer their victims, the bullets falling about them like hail.

The assailed endeavored to return the fire, but with no effect, the savages rode so fast, leaning on the farther side of their ponies as they rode. The light was indistinct, and most unfortunate of all, none of the whites were accustomed to scenes like this, nor even to the ordinary use of firearms.

One of Brown's companions, an elderly man, was struck by a bullet. He could barely gasp, "I am shot," and died. The three lay so near each other that conversation in an ordinary tone could easily be carried on. The surviving companion, shortly after his comrade's death, proposed to Brown to "rise" and "run for it." As he was speaking he unconsciously half arose. Hardly had he uttered the word when a bullet pierced his head, and, without a groan or a struggle, he fell back dead.

Brown truly felt that his situation was a desperate one. He was constitutionally timid, but it has been said that a coward when cornered is the most formidable of antagonists. Brown proved no exception to the rule. He was most emphatically cornered; to run was impossible, and to raise himself to an erect position was almost certain death. There was no alternative but to fight or die, with the chances strongly in favor of death. He was more favorably situated than either of his companions had been. In the hurry with which they had scrambled for the holes he had chanced upon the deepest one, and, besides, was much better armed than they, having the United States' regulation rifle, with a belt nearly filled with cartridges. After the death of the last of his companions he began to fire rapidly, taking as careful aim as he could. He shortly succeeded in shooting one of the ponies, after which the Indians became more wary. They continued, however, a brisk fusillade until day fully broke, when the entire band suddenly disappeared. All day long Brown laid upon the plains, not daring to arise from the depression which sheltered him for fear that he would become the target for some unseen marksman. After the withdrawal of his foes, his natural timidity reasserted itself, and his imagination pictured an Indian behind every hillock. Tales he had heard of Indian cunning and perseverance in laying in wait, rushed upon his mind, and the real terror of his situation was magnified by his imaginary horrors conjured up by his fertile imaginations. All day long in the hot sun he lay, not daring to move, and expecting surely by nightfall that his lurking enemies would again assail him. But night came and no Indians. Complete darkness enveloped the plain, but no attack was made during the night. Brown had such sensations of feverish sleep as natural fear and fear would allow; but still he remained in his place. He still feared an attack at daylight, but when, after daybreak, no Indians appeared, exhausted nature could endure no longer. He fearfully crept from his hole, and first of all, examined the canteen of his nearest dead comrade. To his joy, it was half full of water. Draining the contents at a draught, he next examined their haversacks for something to eat. All he found was some raw bacon and beans. He greedily ate the bacon and munched the raw beans, and without any hesitation set his face toward the post, and began to retrace the steps which had led to the scene of the tragedy. Obtaining all the refreshment practicable from the bacon and beans, filling his pockets with the one, and with his hands full of the other, he trudged along, eating as he went, intent on leaving behind him, as speedily as possible, this scene of horrors. On reaching the post, which he did early the next morning, Private Brown promptly reported to the sergeant of the guard, and was with equal promptitude placed under arrest for desertion, for which he was subsequently tried, and on his own confession convicted. The stony-hearted authorities, although sympathizing with his misfortunes, did not allow their sympathy to influence their verdict, and Private Brown was sentenced to the usual term of two years' confinement in the military prison for the crime of desertion.—C. A. W.

"Long Jim" and the Boots.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—A national home for disabled veteran soldiers is a small world in itself, but a home in the true sense of the word it cannot, and never will be. Many nations are here represented: many comrades go about the grounds minus an arm or leg; some are without any arms or legs, others with a rebel bullet wandering around their anatomy, making its presence still felt after a quarter of a century.

One strikingly sad picture that a chance visitor may not observe, is that of the many unfortunates, cruelly termed "cranks," by their more fortunate fellows. These are all more or less insane. Some are harmless, others are dangerous, and every year a goodly number are sent to the National Insane asylum in Washington. The causes of this insanity are many, but family troubles, or failure of obtaining pensions, are supposed to be the principal reasons.

But enough of this. My object was to relate anecdotes and war yarns, original and true, picked up while promenading among the old gray-haired heroes of '61-'65, and if our generous editor and the camp fire circle will only encourage me a bit, I shall give these stories fresh from first hand. Here is sample No. 1, concerning Gen. W. W. Averill and "Long Jim."

In Gen. Averill's command was a notorious character from the glorious old Keystone state, James Webster by name, but better known as "Long Jim," who was nearly always compelled to put his No. 12 feet into a pair of Uncle Sam's No. 10 boots or go barefoot.

It wasn't the commissary's fault, for that worthy but much abused officer had a standing order for a pair of number twelves on his books, intended for "Long Jim's" little feet, and in consequence thereof, Jim often swore worse than the army in Flanders, using language that smelt strongly of sulphur and brimstone. One day, on general inspection, General Averill noticed Jim's dilapidated boots, or his feet, rather, as little of the original boots remained—and said:

"Look here, my tall friend, for heaven's sake! get a pair of boots somewhere!"

"But where the devil will I get them, general? If me dad," said Jim.

"Draw from your commissary or else buy them outside," answered the general.

"Well, that sounds d—d reasonable; but the h—l of it is, general, our commissary's boots aren't half big enough, and pay day is slower than the seven-year itch!" retorted Jim.

"Well, by jingo! then steal the first pair you lay your eyes on!" and away went the general.

Some days after this, "Long Jim" was loafing about camp in search of—boots, and in passing the general's headquarters tent, he spied a fine pair laying just inside, near the commander's cot, and as that gallant officer was busily engaged writing, with his back towards our friend from

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Indigestion in Horses.

J. M. H., Iowa: Your horses are suffering from indigestion. Give each a pint of raw linseed oil every other day until two doses are given. Then give bicarbonate of soda, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz.; powdered nux vomica, 15 grs. This much for one dose twice a day for three days. Then change for three days to powdered Peruvian bark, 1 oz.; flour of mustard, 1 dr. Mix with food, and if refused, give as a ball. If their stomachs are weak, give 2 drs. of the medicinal dilute muriatic acid in drinking water twice a day for four or five days.

The Castor Bean.

M. D., Stark county, Illinois: The castor bean is a native of the West Indies. It is planted and hoes like corn, and requires a rich, mellow bed. It yields from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. After the seeds are taken from the pods, they are bruised and subjected to great pressure, and a bushel will yield about a gallon of oil. This is called cold pressed castor oil. Another method is to boil and skim the water to get the oil. The cold pressed is the better. Castor oil is used as a cathartic, principally. It is also separated into a limpid oil for machinery. It is also used in making sebaline for candles. It was formerly used in lamps, but the cheaper mineral oils have driven it out of the market. The editor cannot inform you as to how much they will bring in the market. The bean is cultivated to a considerable extent in Kansas. If you will write to the secretary of the state board of agriculture, Topeka, Kansas, inclosing stamp for reply, you will perhaps get any information you desire.

Caked Bag in Cow.

F. B. T., Kansas: Bathe the cow's bag twice a day, thoroughly, with warm water. Put an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water twice a day for four days. Stir three-fourths of a pound of salts and a cupful of molasses in a quart of warm water and give it to her as a physic. Rub the udder with the hand with the following: Powdered camphor, ½ oz.; extract of belladona, 2 ozs.; lard, 2 ozs. The udder should be rubbed until you make a gentle friction. Inject with a small syringe a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda (common baking soda) or salaratus, dissolved in a pint of water, up the teats into the udder. This will loosen up the cake in the udder. The reason for using saltpetre in the drinking water is that it increases the action of the kidneys and reduces the activity of the milk-secreting glands.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fall Honey.

Fall honey is just commencing to flow with us and the bees are at work mornings very busily. The main secret in securing a large yield when nectar is plenty in the fields, is to have large numbers of worker bees in the hive, and every brood-comb in the brood apartment full of brood or eggs, if possible. There is then no other place but the surplus department for the storage of honey, and it goes there, of course. The more live bees we have at this time the greater will be our success. To accomplish this we sow a patch of buckwheat early in June, so as to have it blooming in July, to furnish honey at that month and August, during that month and August, which is always a dry time in our locality unless artificial pasturage is provided. In this manner we keep our queens laying through these two dry months. As soon as the fall bloom commences, which is usually about the 15th of August, we extract the honey from one of the brood combs, thus furnishing room for eggs, repeating as space is needed by the queen. When there are five frames full of brood and eggs we put on the surplus boxes or combs, and await the honey "shower." About the 26th the honey smells quite strong at the hive entrance and bees work hard all day, frequently dropping at the hive in their efforts to get home with an extra big load to wind up the day's work. It is then that the beekeeper has a smile on his face, and possibly spends a little time speculating on the crop being hundreds of pounds or tons; and about October 5 to 10 he can figure it up, occasionally, however, our bees will prolong enough to winter on after that date from the asters, but it will not do to extract from the brood-chamber until you see it coming in, as a sudden change in the weather, or a sharp frost, may compel you to feed it back, and at that time it is dangerous, as feeding excites robbing. When a day or two from asters is expected we usually take out some of the sealed combs of honey and insert empty combs from the upper story which were used in extracting during the main honey flow, returning these full again when the crop is all gathered. We are thus sure that the brood apartment contains only straight-worker combs during early spring months after breeding has commenced, when it is yet too cold to disturb a colony in putting brood combs.—[Orange Judd Farmer.

The Farmer's Flock.

In no series of years "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant" have the poultry improved so much as since the advent of the Plymouth Rocks. To-day it is hard work to find a flock that does not show marks of the blood of that breed. This is a very encouraging sign of progress. I believe that if every farmer were to market his mixed flock and put the money into purebred birds, though the flock would be considerably smaller, the profits at the end of a year would be larger. But I do not expect anybody to believe as I do, and perhaps it is better that people should not to some things. How to still further improve the flock of the average farmer, and with the least expense and in the shortest time, is what many would like to know. I do not presume so far as to say that I can accomplish this, or advise others so that they can do all I would wish to in this respect; but I will give a few hints and let our farmer friends work out the problem to their benefit.

I will take it for granted that the present flock is such as is often found—a general assortment, showing the blood of Brahma, Cochin, Leghorn, Dominique, Plymouth Rock, Spanish, and perhaps half a dozen others; a hodge-podge of everything, in which no two fowls are alike. The first season, let the farmer get a purebred cockerel of the breed he likes best, pick out a pen of his best hens past one year old, marked as nearly alike as possible, selecting the largest that show strong constitutions and are good layers; let him give them a yard by themselves and put the purebred crockerel with them. He should kill off all his other male birds—the hens will lay just as well without them—and breed from the pen he has mated, and no other. When the old stock begin to moult he should kill and market every one of them, and put his purebred cockerel (cock now) by himself until the chickens have reached full size. Let him kill off all the cockerels raised this year and eat or market them. The second year he should pick out another breeding pen from the pullets raised the first year, chosing the best, as he did with the original pen, mate the pure cock with them. This year let him kill off all the old stock again, and also the male he has used during the two seasons. The third year he should buy another male bird from the same yard and from the same blood from which number one came; a cock coming two years old will be better this year. Let him pick out his third breeding pen from the pullets raised the second year, as he did the first two, and mate his new male with them. The chickens from this mating will, if he has used good judgment in his selections, be uniform in type and markings and practically as good as the pure breed. This plan, followed up year after year, will keep the flock uniform; they will be strong and vigorous and, with good care and judicious feeding, will give good results both in eggs and chickens.

There is no more pernicious practice than swapping males and eggs with neighbors whose flocks are no better than our own, and the chances are that we will introduce into our flocks some constitutional weakness or defect that they were free from. If the farmer feels too poor to buy a pure bred male let him pick the best specimen from his flock, then pick his breeding pen from the best hens, having an eye to markings and laying qualities, and breed from them only. Let him save the male used this year to be used the third year. The second year he should pick out the best male from the chickens raised the first year and mate him with the hens used for breeding the first year. The best pullets from this mating he should mate the third year with the male used the first year. From this mating he will have a flock that will be uniform in markings and style, and if the largest and finest have been selected each season the flock will show a marked increase in size over the original stock. They will be good, serviceable fowls, but will not be purebred.—[Breeder, in Rural New-Yorker.

Hogs and Hog Feed.

The country is just now suffering from an unusual season of drought, which appears to be universal, both East and West, as well as in the South, in some localities. The consequence will be a shortage of feed for stock of all kinds. The cry of over-production has ceased and a shortage will be the cry now by elevator men and grain speculators. While such is the facts to a great extent there will be a scarcity of feed. I advise farmers to be careful about disposing of their breeding stock, especially in the way of brood sows. It does not require a great deal of hard grain to winter sows that are intended and bred for spring farrowing. A piece of early sown rye makes most excellent winter pasture for sows, if they are of the right sort, bred up to perfection; if not they had probably better be marketed and replaced with some of the improved early maturing breed, even at a sacrifice in numbers, for I always contend that there is greater profit in a few good hogs, well kept, than in a large herd of inferior ones, poorly kept.

Turnips can yet be grown if there is moisture enough in the soil to sprout them. While they will not mature, they will help materially to mix with other feed, if steamed and mixed with other grain feed. There is nothing better for slop if fed warm in winter. Late sown millet can be cured lightly and fed to stock hogs, once a day. I find they relish it for a change, and cut fine in the cutter box and steamed with other rations, this is preferable to the whole grain rations, the usual hog ration when corn is cheap. Good care and proper housing, with an abundance of pure water, will do good care but improve your stock, as well as increase the number of pigs from each sow. At present the stock yards are overcrowded with all sorts and sizes of pigs. Some, of course, are selling from necessity, while others look upon the hog as being cheaper than grain and as not paying for their feed. Should our next grain crop be much abundant it will probably be just the opposite, with cheap grain and a paying hog crop.—[A. B. Johnston in Prairie Farmer.

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

In Answer to The Blade's Questions on "Farmers' Ills"—Some Interesting Letters.

In order to ascertain from "first hands"—the farmers themselves—the real condition of the agricultural class, the Weekly BLADE has asked its farmer subscribers to answer, very briefly, the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your county—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements to buy for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Below is given an instalment of the answers thus far received in response to these queries:

Sue, Greenbrier Co., W. Va.

Scarcity of money is the first and last cause of low prices, and low prices is what brings upon the farmer the necessity of borrowing money at a high rate of interest, and this necessity of borrowing money at a high per cent interest brings the necessity for mortgaging the farm. I will now answer your four questions. The state legislature should reduce the direct tax on the farmers' lands for the reason that the products brings one-half less than they did ten years ago. Freight rates should be reduced at least a little. Our sheep should be protected by state law from wholesale distruction by dogs and ginseng diggers.

Congress should give us free silver, a high protective tariff, and a service pension law, all which is possible, and not wait for the judgment day to settle everything.

We had high hopes, when we knew that we had a Republican President and a Republican majority in both Houses of Congress, but our faith of late, is growing fearfully small. Those of our Republican majority who have joined in with the Cobden free trade club, and the American free trade party, to defeat the McKinley tariff bill, and the free silver bill, ought to have their hump backs broken.

Every American does know that we have plenty of everything but money.

What we want, is money in proportion with the great abundance of everything else.—M. M.

Wetmore, Nemaha Co., Kansas.

1.—Making very little the last three years on account of low prices.

2.—About five out of every ten are mortgaged.

3.—Mostly bad management.

4.—Most of the farmers here think that Congress should do away with national banks and issue money itself and loan it to the people as we do in Canada, and that can be done by Congress to break up trusts and grain gambling.)

5.—The principal crops here are corn, cattle, hogs, oats, some wheat, flax and millet. No, unless it might be broom corn.—S. S.

Crawford, Dawes County, Nebraska.

1.—Losing it.

2.—Two out of ten; to improve the land and to live upon.

3.—Poor crops for the last five years.

4.—The state legislature or Congress should do something immediately to relieve the farmers of this country. For there are lots of them leaving now and the rest would leave if they could get away on account of money matters, as the most of them have more than one mortgage, and they have been mortgaged to live upon, and can't sell them for much over the mortgage as they have to pay from 3 to 5 per cent per month for use of this money.

5.—Could raise almost any kind of crops here if we had rain sufficient.—J. D. M.

Bushong, Lyon Co., Kansas.

1.—There are not many of them meeting expenses.

2.—There is about eight out of every ten that are mortgaged. They were mortgaged for several reasons, but the main cause was the scarcity of money.

3.—Poor crops, but low prices and high freights is the main cause.

4.—Reduction of salaries of county and state officers.

5.—Corn is the principal crop; but they raise wheat, oats, flax and broom corn. We think that if we could get free coinage of silver and the service pension bill that the times would be somewhat better.—A. W. W.

Ohio Co., Indiana.

1.—Those out of debt barely holding their own, and I am one of the above, so you can guess for the rest.

2.—Perhaps in this county, three or four out of ten are mortgaged, mostly for land; perhaps some for improvements.

3.—Every cause you have named combines to keep him behind, and more especially failures in crops, low prices (for who can raise farm produce for the price we are getting for it now?) Wheat, 75 cents; hay delivered, $4 to $8; beef cattle, 2 and 2½ to 3 cents common of course); potatoes, 10 to 25 cents, etc., etc., etc., away below the cost of production. And here I'll say the farmers appear to be the tools in the hands of monopolies and rings; also unreasonable taxation.

4.—Some are foolish enough to think that it is overproduction, and that nothing can be done but stop raising so much beef, etc., while right under their noses their neighbors are without meats, with very poor hope of being supplied. Others think we might be helped.

5.—Crops—(Ohio Co.)—Corn, hay, wheat, oats, sheep, horses, cattle, hogs, poultry, and last, but not least, dogs, etc., etc., etc. If we could raise our own sugar it would help.—J. S. F.

Princeton, Mercer Co., Mo.

1.—Meeting expenses. The majority are making a little money.

2.—Two in my neighborhood. These were given to secure back payments, every one of them. A man that has to mortgage his farm to get the necessaries of life either lives in a miserably poor country or he is a shiftless farmer.

3.—Bad management, nineteen times out of twenty.

4.—Don't know.

5.—Corn, wheat, rye, oats and grass—principally timothy and grass, as we have the best grass country in the world, the best pasturage: flax, sorghum, potatoes (Irish), sweet potatoes—in fact, everything that is good.—W. V. K.

Kendall, Van Buren Co., Mich.

1.—They are losing money.

2.—Two per cent; not mortgaged; were given to secure the payment of homes, and to purchase farm machinery in order to compete with Western system of grain growing.

3.—Over production; excessive freight rates. No.

4.—The farmers of this community believe it to be the duty of our legislature to frame the laws of Michigan favoring equal taxation. The farmers believe all property should be taxed excepting the burial places of the dead. If our national Congress had the moral courage to appropriate for a good ship canal connecting the great lakes with the Mississippi river, it would help the whole people.

5.—Wheat, oats, corn, clover and timothy are standards in the way of farm productions.—I. S.

Canton, Lincoln Co., South Dakota.

1.—Farmers scarcely holding their own. Those paying interest on their money running behind. Those not mortgaged making some money.

2.—Nine out of every ten are mortgaged for improvements and to live upon.

3.—Crops fair; but low prices, high rate of interest, high freight and too much money paid to middle men.

4.—The government should own the railroads, give us money at a low rate of interest—say 2 per cent, in place of 10 to 25—let the consumer buy direct from the producer, and, above all, give us free and unlimited coinage of silver and abolish the national banks—money being issued directly to the people by the government.

5.—The principal crops are wheat, oats, corn, flax, hay, hogs and cattle.—H. E. P.

Ostego, Allegan Co., Mich.

1.—Farmers that are out of debt are making a good living, but are not making money.

2.—Perhaps 8 out of 10 are mortgaged to make improvements and pay for land.

3.—I think the difficulty with the farmer is so much gambling in commodities of the farm and high freight rates, combined with poor crops, etc.

4.—Let the farmer compete with other countries as supply and demand may require, and issue money direct to the people instead of through the national banks, which is a great monopoly in money matters.

5.—Wheat, corn, oats, barley and potatoes.—F. H. C.

Walter, Harvey Co., Kansas.

1.—Close run to meet expenses.

2.—For improvements to pay on land and to stock same. Followed by loss of crops and shrinkage of values.

3.—If 6 bounty there is more or less bad management, and high freights have contributed their share, each.

4.—The state legislatures should reduce the salaries and fees of county officers and reduce the rate of interest to 6 per cent, and make our stay laws more liberal to the debtor classes. This would make money a little harder to borrow, cutting out the feller who would borrow to live upon it, and give the careful business man money at more reasonable rates.

Congress should have passed the free coinage bill, or in some other way increase the currency to a "gold basis," as we have that of war times and now. We of the West do not want a currency so inflated that it would take two and a half times its volume to buy one of gold, nor do we like to pay our debts in one so contracted that we have to pay a heavy per cent in addition to the principal and a good interest. It should amend the inter-state commerce law so that its intended benefits should reach us.

5.—Corn, wheat and oats are the principal crops. Rye, flax, clover and timothy, castor beans, barley, cotton, potatoes, sweet and Irish, and fruits can be raised to profit, but they would be only of favorable years more profitable.—H. Y. Z.

Edna, Labette Co., Kansas.

1.—The greater number are about meeting current expenses; a few making a little money, while those who are deeply in debt are failing to meet obligations.

2.—About seven in ten is the average of mortgaged farms, many of them given to secure the deferred payments at time of purchase; very few of the farms are in the possession of first settlers.

3.—The cause of running behind is somewhat complex. In a number of cases investigated it appears this class is composed very largely of farmers who were nearly or entirely out of debt in '83, when land, live stock and all farm products found ready sale here at good prices. Many farms were mortgaged in that and the following year for much as they would sell for to-day, the money being used in the purchase of more high-priced land, cattle, machinery, and in extensive improvements. Shortly the prices began to decline rapidly, all the way from 50 per cent on land to $25 to $40 sold at from $8 to $15 in '87 to '89; in the meantime many cattle and hogs died of disease and poor crops were also in order and the farmers had not enough stock and grain to meet taxes and interest.

4.—The prevalent opinion here is that the best relief the general government can give is to increase the circulation and and legislate against the gambling in options that are allowed to buy the farm products at their own prices regardless of the laws of supply and demand. The state legislature should cut down official salaries and change the tax laws so we do not have to pay tax on our mortgage indebtedness, which at present is equivalent to paying the tax on another's property. The farmers realize the injustice of the present system and are preparing to fight it.

5.—Wheat, corn, oats and castor beans, but we find those who depend entirely on raising and marketing these, are barely meeting expenses, while those who raise wheat with plenty of corn and oats to feed and market in the form of hogs, cattle and mules, are the ones who are prosperous.—J. C. J.

Bosworth, Missouri.

1.—The condition of the farming class is improving. Those who are willing to work and economize are making money.

2.—About one-half the farms of this vicinity are mortgaged. These mortgages were given with the exception to pay for land or improvements.

3.—Where farmers are running behind it is the result of bad management; we have no failures in crops.

4.—Your fourth question is not so easy to answer. The Alliance, which is represented by probably three-fourths of the farmers of this county, mostly Democrats and weak-kneed Republicans, would want, first, and legislate for coinage of silver, greenback money to be issued by the government and loaned to the farmers at 1 per cent interest. Elect only farmers to Congress, turn the government over to the Alliance bag and baggage, the members of that organization are all statesmen; they know just what they want, why they want it, and could run the machine and would run it on no such contracted that we have to pay a heavy per cent in addition to the principal and a good interest. It should amend the inter-state commerce law so that its intended benefits should reach us.

5.—The principal crops raised are corn, wheat, oats and tobacco. Soil and climate adapted to the growth of a great variety of fruit and vegetables.—G. B. W.

Dresden, Muskingum Co., Ohio.

The kind solicitation to give the condition of farmers is, I think, a good idea, and we would surely be disloyal to our calling did we not avail ourselves of the privilege. In this section there are not so many farms mortgaged as west of us, but I think quite a large per cent are more or less in arrears. With this class it is hard work to meet expenses. Interest and tax are relatively higher than farm products. There is little incentive for investments in real estate or otherwise, while interest on money will yield twice the profits. Many who invested in farms ten or twelve years ago and paid two-thirds cash, and went in debt for balance, could not do to-day what they invested. It is true there are practiced many needless expenditures, but it is hard to ignore the customs, and he or she who would practice the economy and frugality of fifty years ago, would suffer social ostracism as the price of their venture.

The breach between the rich and poor is gradually increasing. But to the middle class the hope and energy of our country and sympathies are enlisted. There seems to be either over production or under consumption, for the price of farm products is not commensurate with the capital and labor expended. Surely the class referred to are the hewers of wood and carriers of water.

Allow me to add that while many fill result from bad management, some casualties, our salaried, or stipulated income, do not suffer, as the farmer; for instance, one farmer near me had all the milch cows he had killed by lightning, another just now he had had fifty-six sheep killed by lightning, and joining same had two horses killed by lightning; two of those belonged to the debtor class, thus placing them at the mercy of the money loaner. Don't infer that I am a populist, although I voted that ticket this fall after he had his conversation with me. I saw Senator Cameron, and Cameron urged me by all means to take the place. He said, 'If the President will not have Chaffee, you must accept the place, and I am for you.' I gave Senator Cameron my reasons for not wanting it. He said: 'You cannot help yourself. You will have to take it.' And with that he left to go to the White House.'

The next day, when I came out of the Senate, Senator Allison met me with a sly wink in his eye and asked me if the governor of my state was a Republican, and whether he would appoint a Republican successor to my place in the Senate. I saw from this that the story was out, and next there was a line-in a New York newspaper saying it was rumored that I had been offered the portfolio of the Interior. This statement was telegraphed to Denver, and I got a hundred telegrams next day urging me to accept the position. In the meantime Don Cameron telegraphed Chaffee, who was in Florida, to come to Washington, saying that while he could not have him appointed secretary of the Interior, the President would make an appointment which would be perfectly satisfactory to him. He came, and he also urged me to accept the position. In the meantime telegrams from Colorado continued to come in. It was the first time that a Cabinet office had been offered to a man from Colorado, and the people of my state would have considered it an honor to have a man in the President's Cabinet. The pressure became so great that I could not refuse it, and I went to the White House and told the President that I would accept the position. I found the office a very pleasant one, and my relations with President Arthur were of the most pleasant nature. I found that what he said as to the legal requirements of the office was true, and I don't believe there is a more important position in the appointing power of the President from a legal standpoint than that of the Secretary of the Interior.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

When night has let her curtains down, with
low and plaintive hum,
Mosquitoes thirsting for our blood around
our pillows come.

We watch, we wait with bated breath while
strikes the midnight chime,
And hit our cheeks in slaying slap, and miss
'em every time.

—[Boston Courier.

Banish the Kodak.

Jack Racey—"I understand you were beaten in the $10,000 breach of promise suit Miss Cutely brought against you."

Tom Gophast—"Yes."

"How did she do it? Run in the love letters as evidence?"

"No, but, confound it, she brought in a set of sixty-eight views of us two, taken by her small brother on his Kodak!"—[Lawrence American.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

The Sunday School.

Parable of the Pounds.

LESSON XI., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1890.

Golden Text: Unto every one which hath shall be given.—Luke 19:26.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 19:11-27.)

11. And as they heard these things, he added and spake a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear.

12. He said therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return.

13. And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come.

14. But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us.

15. And it came to pass, that when he was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be called unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading.

16. Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds.

17. And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities.

18. And the second came, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds.

19. And he said likewise to him, Be thou also over five cities.

20. And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin:

21. For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layedst not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow.

22. And he saith unto him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow:

23. Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury?

24. And he said unto them that stood by, Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds.

25. (And they said unto him, Lord, he hath ten pounds.)

26. For I say unto you, That unto every one whichhath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him.

27. But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

He added a parable, because they supposed that the kingdom of God was immediately to appear (v. 11). There was, it seems, a danger, in those days, of overlooking the responsibilities and duties of the present, because of one's interest in the future. This is a danger in our day also. It is always unwise to give so much thought to what is to be, as to forget what is. The future ought to be kept in mind by every worker, but only to that extent that shall make the worker improve the present more effectively. There is always a present between us and the future, and the present ought to have the chief place in all our activities and energies. It is our duty to have ever in mind the fact that our Lord is coming again, but it is our duty so to live every minute of our lives, that when our Lord comes again he will find us doing with all our might that which it was our duty to do while he was absent from us.

A certain nobleman went into a far country. He called ten servants of his, and gave them ten pounds, and said, Trade ye herewith till I come (vs. 12, 13). It is a high privilege to be trusted by another with the use of that which he values highly. With every high privilege there are accompanying special duties. He who is trusted by another has the duty of being true to his trust. Every attribute of his manhood appeals to him for fidelity at this points. A failure here is a total failure, as a test of manhood. This truth needs to be emphasized in our land and in our day. The criminal of darkest dye is not the burglar or the wreck-thief in our common prisons, but the defaulting bank president, or the bank cashier, or the confidential partner or clerk, or the other misuser of trust funds, who holds his head high as a member of the American colony of defaulters in Canada, and who wants it understood that he did not use the money for his own gain, but simply betrayed a sacred trust without any such inducement to wrong-doing. Every one of us has a trust. The privileges and the duties accompanying such a trust are also ours.

When he was come back again, he commanded these servants, to be called, that he might know what they had gained by trading (v. 15). The day of reckoning is sure to come. Every one of us will be called to disclose the results of his conduct in the use of sacred trust and the record will stand out accordingly, in unmistakable clearness. That which was entrusted to us has been used or misused or neglected, and it will show for itself how this was. The defaulter may go on for a time undetected, and may begin to congratulate himself that he is not found out, but just then he is suddenly called to account, and the whole thing appears as it is. If we have been untrue to any personal or social trust, we must face the consequences of our failure. The time will come when the truth will out. This fact ought to be before our minds from the start.

The first came, saying, Lord, thy pound hath made ten pounds more. And he said, well done: have thou authority over ten cities. The second came, saying, Thy pound, Lord, hath made five pounds. And he said, Be thou also over five cities (vs. 16-19). Largeness of efficiency brings largeness of reward. There are those who can do more than others with a given measure of power, and they have a corresponding sphere of recognition in consequence. One pound as used by one man will bring in two pounds; as used by another, it will bring in five pounds; as used by yet another, it will bring in ten pounds. The fidelity is the same in all three cases, but the measure of efficiency is different. Fidelity will be recognized and rewarded, as will efficiency. We ought all to be faithful. We ought all to do as well as we can with that which is entrusted to us. If we show ourselves capable of large things, God will give us large things to do. If we find that God has assigned us a small sphere of responsibility, we may be sure that he knows our measure of ability better than we do. Every one of us had a pound to start with. God knows whether we have shown ourselves capable of a larger mission than our neighbor, or a lesser one, in the use of our opportunities thus far.

Another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I kept laid up in a napkin; for I feared thee (vs. 20, 21). Not doing at all is one of the wickedest kinds of doing. A dead failure is more of a success than a refusal to run a risk of failure. It were better to drown in the effort to save a drowning friend, than to stand by and see him drown without even trying to save him. Any kind of blundering in the effort at well-doing, is preferable to faultless inaction when effort is a duty. The man who has never risked a mistake by trying to do what he ought to do, in the Sunday school, in the prayer meeting, in the community, is himself a mistake from first to last; and this will be made manifest when he holds up that clean napkin to the world's final scorn and contempt.

Unto every one that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away from him (v. 26). This is a principle that runs through all life, from the rolling over a snowball in the school yard to the buying of coal by the carload of real estate by the acre. The more one has the more one can get by the use of what is his. He is the first thousand dollars that is hardest to get. The rich man can buy the very necessaries of life at a lower rate than the poor man. God gives every man something to start with. It is for the man himself, as in God's service, to decide whether he shall have any more, as the years go by, than he had to begin with.—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Luminous Paint for Keyholes.

Said a Madison street druggist: "I am selling a good deal of luminous paint lately. What for? To put around keyholes. Such a thing used to be unheard of. Why is so much of it sold now? I'll tell you. The electric light of the street is the cause of it. In the good old days—more correctly speaking, in the good old nights—men who went home late o' nights had no difficulty in finding the keyholes, for the reason that there was a gaslight in the middle of the block and it showed the hole. Now this electric light of the street is on the corner, and if your keyhole is in the middle of the block you have to fumble to find it. Somebody, I don't know who, painted his with luminous paint, and the result traveled like a piece of gossip. From that time the demand for luminous paint has been on the increase. When a man comes in here and asks in a sort of sneaking way for 10 cents' worth of luminous paint I know he is a late stayer down town and that he is going to paint his keyhole."—[Chicago Tribune.

Remember That

In all cases, where a mild but thoroughly effective aperient is needed, Ayer's Pills are the best. They improve the appetite, restore healthy action to the bowels, and regulate the liver. No pill is in greater demand or more frequently recommended by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales of them exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction."—Wright & Hannelly, San Diego, Texas.

"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of Ayer's Pills, and already my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—Manoel Jorge Pereira, Oporto, Portugal.

"I am never without a box of Ayer's Pills in the house."—Mrs. Edwin Bartow, 425 Bristol st., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I have used Ayer's Pills a number of years for liver troubles, and have always been greatly benefited by the use of this medicine."—Jos. Y. Metty, South Rockwood, Michigan.

AYER'S PILLS ARE THE Best Cathartic.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night. I would not be without them."—George W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"Having long used Ayer's Pills with good results, I can confidently recommend them above all others."—Thomas Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

"My husband was cured of jaundice by the use of Ayer's Pills."—Mrs. McKeehome, Lombard st., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and believe them to be the best pill made."—S. C. Darden, Darden, Mississippi.

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills have been the only medicine needed in my house for a number of years. I have witnessed wonderful results, in cases of rheumatism, and liver troubles, from the use of Ayer's Pills."—William Dow, Maine, Minn.

Ayer's CATHARTIC SUGAR-COATED Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

A LOOK AT THE SKY.

THE PLANETS AND FIXED STARS

Some of the Largest Constellations Pointed Out—An Easy Lesson for Beginners—The Alleged "Star of Bethlehem."

Do you take an interest in the sky above you, or is there enough on this wonderful earth to engage your thoughts? These beautiful nights are enough to make one look upward, and, with a full moon sailing in splendor and hiding the smaller stars from the gaze, a splendid opportunity is given the novice to make a satisfactory study of the heavens and to pick out the larger stars and locate them definitely.

First in the evening, about 6:30 p. m., if you know right where to look for her, you will see Venus, the queen of the west at present; and gazing on her you look upon the shepherds' star of the ancient Greeks, for at her first appearance the Arcadian shepherds knew that it was time for them to descend the mountains, to the vales below, with their flocks. On moonless nights, Venus casts a perceptible shadow which may be easily observed in this manner: Go to the side of a very white wall or whitewashed fence, and, standing to one side, move your hand slowly up and down about one foot from the surface, and you will see the delicate, almost imperceptible shadow slowly following your hand. Venus is in direct motion until September 29, and will be brightest October 28.

A little west of south is Mars, and a little below Mars and to the right is Antares, the brightest star in the constellation Scorpio. Scorpio lies to the right and below Mars, like an immense catfish, with its tail to the east, marked by Mars in the sweeping curve of bright stars is plainly seen. The tropic of capricorn, if extended from the earth to the sky, would pass below Mars and above Antares. Now go a little farther east and trace across the sky the Milky Way, that "Celestial River" of the Chinese, and the "Road of Souls" of the North American Indians. Both these peoples believed that it was over this white and shining path the soul traveled to its eternal home—the idea of a bridge for the soul ever being prevalent in all the old nations. The Greeks called the Milky Way, "Galaxy;" the Romans, Via Lactea, the white conveying to them the idea of purity.

In the northern part of the Milky Way is the constellation, Cassiopeia, plainly visible and easily found, as the five large stars form an immense letter "W." It was in this constelation that a fine star appeared in 1572. Astronomy was then becoming a science and just emerging from the darkness and mystery of astrology. Tycho Brahe had told the people of Prague that he knew all the stars, and when this stranger appeared he was greatly puzzled and had much difficulty in quieting a mob which gathered around his house to hear his explanation of the phenomenon, which, of course, he could not explain.

The mob left him at last in his dilemma, and this event produced great railing against the new science of astronomy—so tenacious are people in clinging to old ideas. This bright star lasted but seventeen months, when it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. The strange disappearance of this star brings to mind a popular superstition concerning the Star of Bethlehem, for which some people are still looking, but is needless to say that they are doomed to disappointment. No such star is known in astronomy, and the only mention made of it is in the Scriptures, where it is said to have appeared in the east. Many people make the mistake of calling Venus or Jupiter the Star of Bethlehem.

In the southern end of the Milky Way is the Constellation of Sagittarius, the Archer, one of the plainest constellations in the sky. The archer is easily seen drawing his bow on the scorpion. Other constellations visible in the Milky Way are Cygnus, the Swan, whose brightest star is Deneb; Aquilla, the Eagle, directly in the East at 7 o'clock, and easily found by three stars in a straight line, the brightest of which is Altair, the centre one.

Near the Eagle is the Dolphin, commonly called Jacob's Coffin. It consists of five stars—four forming a perfect diamond—the coffin, and the fifth, the tail of the Dolphin.

In this neighborhood is the arrow which has been discharged at the fox, which is retreating with a hen for his supper.

In the southwest is a fine blue star, Spica, in the constellation Virgo. Within the limits of this constellation at present is Uranus, next to the last of the larger planets. The sun is in this constellation now, and Spica must be looked for immediately after sunset.

A straight line from Spica to the Great Dipper passes through Berenice's Hair, which appears as an indistinct, hazy mass. Berenice, who gave her name to this constellation, was the beautiful queen of Ptolemy III. of Egypt, and offered her golden hair to the gods for her husband's safe return from the wars in Asia. Her hair was cut off and hung for a while in a temple of Venus, from which it was removed to the skies, where it continually shines as an emblem of fidelity.

Between Virgo and Scorpio lies Libra, the Scales, so called because the days and nights are of equal length when the sun enters this constellation, as it does next month at the autumnal equinox; no large stars distinguish this group, only two small ones mark the position of the scale pans.

Starting again at Altair, the brightest star in the Eagle, a straight line through the Arrow will strike Lyra, the Harp, distinguishable by the four pair of stars in the shape of a harp. The brightest star here is Vega, a little to the west of the zenith. A line from Vega to where the sun sets will pass almost through the Northern Crown, a semi-circle of six stars with Gemma, the Gem, as the brightest. This is the crown of the ill-fated Princess Ariadne, who was abandoned by Theseus on the island of Naxos.

A straight line from Vega through the Northern Crown will pass near Arcturus, the brightest star in Bootes.

In the southern part of the sky is Lupiter, the giant planet, 1,331 times as large as the earth. It shines with a luster equal to Venus and is a fitting substitute for Sirius, which occupies this position in winter. This is an outline of the stars as they appear at 7 to 8 o'clock in the evening at the beginning of September.—[Cincinnati Times-Star.

Some men have a notion
That it is their born right,
To imitate their kitchen fire
And go out every night.

—Dansville Breeze.

SOME SCISSORED SMILES.

The world's fair—the ladies.

The man who is right is seldom left.

The speaker of the house—The voluble wife.

A cat sings as a mere matter of amewsment.

Strange as it may seem, bees never have the hives.

It is easier to live within your income than to live without one.

"Touch and go"—What the investigator of a newly painted door does.

Thirteen is an unlucky number if it is the amount you lost on the races.

The ballet girl doesn't kick at what she is paid, but for what she is paid.

Please her husband she never can,
Who cooks the fish in a frying pan.

The man who goes to a seashore resort for change frequently comes back with out any.

A diamond merchant may speak of his goods being of the first water, but not the milkman.

Wife—You are like a sitting hen. Husband—Why? Wife—Because you are always brooding.

There is a professional base ball player named Spunyon. He knows what he is expected to catch.

"I'm like a leopard," sighed a poker player, who held the bobtail flush, "for I cannot change my spots."

At Delmonico's.

"That's a prosperous-looking chap drinking fizz at the table by the window."

"He leads a hand to mouth existence, however."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, he's

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1890.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 107,000.

DID YOU EARN YOUR DOLLAR?

The renewal season for subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE is approaching rapidly. Candidly, we believe any subscriber who has taken THE BLADE for one year and paid his dollar, has, in some one of several ways, earned back that dollar in solid cash, and otherwise than through the vast variety of good reading matter the paper has contained for that year. We do not think any intelligent man can read THE BLADE a year without finding, through it, the means of making a dollar. Under these circumstances, we trust that no subscriber will fail to renew when his time expires, for it is certainly a profitable thing to do; and, furthermore, no reader can doubt that THE BLADE is amply worth its price simply for the immense amount of good, useful reading which it furnishes.

Remember to send your renewal at least *two weeks* before your subscription expires, so that you may not miss a number. The red tag on which your name is printed tells the date of expiration; thus, if it reads, "A J Smith, 2 oct 90," it means that your subscription ends with the issue of October 2.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

The political novel, "The Demagogue," was the last work of the late D. R. LOCKE. He devoted such leisure time as he could snatch from his other engrossing occupations, during several years, to this story, and he had the ambition that it should make him as enduring a name as a novelist as the "Nasby Letters" made for him as a humorist and political satirist.

We are glad to announce that "The Demagogue" is now in press, and will be issued in book form some time during September.

The story was published serially in THE BLADE last winter, and we make the above announcement in response to the numerous queries from our readers, who are anxious to have it in book form for their libraries. We shall, in a short time, publish a description of the book, binding, and price.

A QUESTION OF TIN.

A gentleman who signs himself "A Free Trader," writing from Sauk, Washington, says:

I see in your issue of July 31, that tin "reduced from the ore at a cost of $2.15 per ton, as against $4.14 in Cornwall." If so, what is the need of a protective tariff on tin plate?

In order to promote the enlarged working of our own tin mines, and the rapid development of the manufacture of tin plate in this country, for one thing. We imported, during the calendar year ended December 31, last, 742,135,684 pounds of tin plate, invoiced at a total valuation of $21,726,307. That twenty-one million dollars and over, which now goes yearly to enrich the British trust, which has practical control of the tin plate manufacture of the world, can all be kept in this country by being paid out for the wages of tin miners, workingmen in iron mills which make the plates which are the basis of sheet tin, and to the employes in the manufacture of the tinned plates from these sheets and block tin. This will give several thousand more men employment, and add that many more to the population that must be fed by our farmers.

The free traders who are opposing the tin duty are putting themselves in the attitude of working in the interests of the tin trust, one of the most monopolistic of British syndicates. They are bringing up the old arguments they used over a score of years ago, when steel rails were selling at $160 a ton, when it was proposed to put a duty on steel rails and establish their manufacture here. Steel rails are now worth only about one-fifth of the price then; American-made ones are the best in the world, and sell as cheaply as English rails; and their manufacture employs thousands of stalwart workingmen who otherwise would not be employed—and who, with their wives and families, form a not inconsiderable proportion of the population to be fed by our farmers. The same result will follow the imposition of a protective duty on tin plates.

BRICE went "rainbow-chasing" in Wisconsin two years ago, and every year the state old Bourbon lie is brought out that "tariff reform is making great strides" in that state. All the same, the Republicans adopted the following admirable tariff plank at their recent state convention:

This convention declares its adherence to the general principles of national policy set forth in the platform adopted by the national Republican convention of 1888, and maintains that the best interests of the American people are promoted by the continuance of a system which protects American enterprise and labor against competition with the cheap capital and cheap labor of Europe, a system under which our country has enjoyed a measure of prosperity and development without precedent.

WHAT in the world has become of Frank Hurd in these troublous tariff times? Has he lost his bugle?—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Mr. HURD has simply laid the bugle away for the time being, and is now industriously engaged in amassing a competence by his legal practice. It was a condition, not a theory, which confronted Our FRANK, and he wisely devoted himself to ameliorating said condition. If all goes well, FRANK'S bugle will sound two years hence in the Congressional campaign.

HON. CHARLES S. WOLFE, of Pennsylvania, offers some good advice to his fellows of the third party in that state. He does not believe in throwing his vote away, and, like a good citizen, he determines to vote for a candidate who has a chance of election. He does not abandon his belief in Prohibition, nor cease his efforts in that cause; but he does not consider that voting for a ticket that is hopeless of election will further that end in the slightest degree.

DURING its first two years and a half, CLEVELAND'S administration did not reduce the national debt a single dollar. The surplus was simply hoarded and used as a political argument for free trade. During the first two years and a half of HARRISON'S administration the debt has been reduced by $140,000,000, a saving to the nation of $5,600,000 in interest alone per year.

THE tariff debate in the Senate is expected to close this week. It should have ended weeks ago.

THE DRINK HABIT IN EUROPE.

A correspondent at Clermont, Iowa, writes us as follows:

I am greatly interested in the brave and noble stand you have taken to "Pulverize the Rum Power;" but, as this temperance movement presses on towards its final triumph, new obstacles will be continually thrown in its way. Here are two questions which have been propounded by those opposed to Prohibition, and I would be pleased if you would discuss them through THE BLADE'S columns.

They say: "How does it come, if strong drinks are so destructive, that the Germans, who drink more beer and distilled liquors than any other nation, are the healthiest people? In olden times, when people drank more beer and whisky (this was in Norway and Sweden), the men were giants in strength, and the people were stouter and healthier than now?"

We infer that there is a general circulation of the statement embodied in these questions throughout Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, as they have been made to us before. It is hard to say whether those who circulate them believe them or not. Those to whom they are propounded should at once pose the questioner by asking for the proof, as to the first question, that the Germans are "the healthiest people"—a statement untrue in fact; and regarding the second, by asking for the proof that the Scandinavians of ancient times drank either whisky or beer similar to the beer of the present; for proof that the mass of that people were either stouter or healthier than now; and that there ever was a giant in strength among them. You will be surprised to find that they can give no proof of any one of these things. The reason is this: they are not true in the specific sense in which they are asserted in these questions. We challenge any one to produce the proof of the truth of the assertions in the questions submitted by our correspondent.

Some general discussion of facts that are often lost sight of by both the advocates of temperance and their opponents will be found useful in this connection. First, with regard to the drinking habits of the people of Germany. The Germans imbibe but comparatively little of distilled liquors; their drinks are beer and light wines. They use these as we use tea and coffee—drinking them with their meals, and not taking them on an empty stomach. They do not drink as Americans do—swill down glass after glass, within a few minutes. The drinking is moderate compared with that to which we are accustomed in America.

As to the Scandinavians (the people of Norway and Sweden) it is absurd to quote the legendary stories of their heroes of a semi-historic period as sober truths. The early history of all nations shows the idealization that seems inevitable in the process of handing down stories of the prowess and courage of ancestors. Such stories always increase in the telling, and never diminish. The doings of a brave man are magnified in the course of generations until they become impossible to a man of ordinary strength and stature; and then the enlargement goes on by representing the hero as a giant in size and strength. Again, the old Scandinavians knew nothing of whisky or any other distilled liquors. They drank a rude kind of beer, of which but two things are certain: one that it must have been a horrid slop, and the other, that it could not, from its mode of manufacture, have contained nearly as great a per cent of alcohol as modern malt liquors.

The fact must never be lost sight of, in estimating the value of facts bearing on the temperance question, that the climate of the country, the mode of life, the occupations and surroundings of the people all have an important bearing on the effect of alcoholic liquors upon them. The people of a country with a cold, damp climate like that of Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Northern Germany, can drink with less harmful results than can the inhabitants of a dry climate (such as ours) or of any hot country. As regards occupation, the backwoodsman, whose life is passed in the open air, can drink for years a quantity of liquor that would kill a city resident. His example is no rule for the dyspeptic clerk whose whole life, practically, is spent in-doors—the day in store or office, the night in his room—with a lack of fresh air and active exercise.

The point is settled beyond debate that the use of Rum in any form is, sooner or later, harmful to the drinker; that the harm in any liquor is in direct proportion to the quantity of alcohol contained in it, and to the amount drank; and that the steady drinking of any alcoholic drink is even worse than periodical drinking; that is, the man who puts alcohol into his system every day by drinking beer, wines, or any other form of Rum, does more harm to himself each year than the man who goes on periodical "sprees," with intervals in which he drinks nothing. The testimony of the highest medical authorities of Europe and America is unanimous on these points, and they may be justly considered as so thoroughly established that controversy over them is out of the question.

This being the fact, our correspondent, and any one else to whom such silly arguments are advanced, need not waste effort in controverting them. Our dry, brilliant climate is against drinking. An Englishman, accustomed to drink, on coming to this country finds that he must diminish the size and frequency of his potations, or he will be drunk continually. This has been frequently shown in New York city, among fast young Englishmen. Coming direct from London, they are astonished to find that the same amount of Rum appears to produce a much greater effect on them. The difference is one of climate. And because some people, living in a different climate, or those whose life is spent out of doors, can drink with apparent impunity, is no reason that all should drink; nor does it follow that they themselves would not be healthier, stronger and happier if they did not drink at all. So far as America is concerned, non-drinking is the only safe rule. Our friends in the West, Nebraska especially, should not allow themselves to be deterred by any such specious arguments as those quoted above from continuing the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A COPY of the laws passed by the First Congress of the United States, which met in New York city in 1789 is a rarity, but Senator HAWLEY possesses a copy, whose value and interest are greatly enhanced by the fact that it belonged to President WASHINGTON. Another very interesting point about the book is the fact that the first statute passed (except that which prescribes the oaths of office)—the first act of legislation—passed by the First Congress was a protective tariff law!

RENEWED attention has been called to the progress the Nicaragua canal is making by the purchase of the entire dredging plant of one of the companies engaged in a contract on the ill-fated Panama ditch. All hope of a continuance of work on the latter has fled, and the ultimate success of the Nicaragua route seems assured.

THE different effects of Democratic ring rule and intelligent Republican government are illustrated in the increase of population in Maryland and Pennsylvania, two adjoining states. In the former the increase was less than 15 per cent during the last decade, while Pennsylvania added 25 per cent to its population.

THE "HORSE FAIR" OFFER.

Don't you want a fine picture *free?* A picture that is good enough to grace palace walls—a copy of one of the world's famous paintings—ROSA BONHEUR'S celebrated "Horse Fair?"

We will make you a *gift* of one, if you want it; the conditions are to be found in the "Publishers' Column," on the fifth page of this paper. Turn to it and read!

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The week closing last Saturday night has been remarkable in New York for showing a complete reversal of of the situation for the most of the previous week. Then money was almost unobtainable, and what was loaned was at absurdly high figures; while the past week money was abundant, the range of interest on call loans being 15 to 2 per cent, with six per cent on the average, at which figure renewals were made. On time loans, the rate has been 6 per cent for 60 days to six months.

The ease of the money market during the past week, as compared with the previous one, was simply Secretary WINDOM'S offer to buy 40 millions of the 4½ per cent government bonds. It was not that much money was obtained, for the total purchases up to Saturday night were less than twelve millions. This, in the face of the fact that the demands of the West and South for money to move the crops has been continuous, shows that the squeeze of the previous week was not so much that men needed money on the spot as that they were excitedly trying to provide for future needs. The New York *Financial Chronicle* says:

The very fact that the mere announcement of what the Secretary would do, proved to be sufficient to change the aspect of affairs, shows that men were impelled by their fears into doing much that in quieter moments they would not have done. When money gets scarce and looks as if it might be scarcer, the borrowers whose pressure brings the crisis are not, in the main, those who need money to-day (for if the demand was confined, to them a slightly higher rate would make the supply sufficient for the requirements), but the additional crowd who have lost their judgment and think they may need money days or weeks hence.

There has been no special change in rates of interest abroad. The Bank of England rate of discount remains at 4 per cent, and time loans at 60 to 90 days in London were made at 3⅛ per cent. The rate in Paris on Friday on call was 2⅝ per cent, and at Berlin and Frankfort 3⅝ per cent.

Foreign exchange was heavy and low all the week. The market opened on Monday at $4.83¼ per £1 sterling for 60 days and 4.87 for sight. The rate at the close of the week was $4.83 and $4.86⅛ for "long" (time) and "short" (sight), respectively. This decline was chiefly due to the great amount of loan bills and drafts made against the movement of new cotton to Europe—which movement is the result of high prices, and is favored at this time by the unusually early crop of this year.

RAILROAD EARNINGS.—The peculiar feature of railway statements is still the great increase of expenses, and the diminution of net earnings in consequence. This feature of increased expenses has been in progress for several years, but is more marked the present season than ever before. For instance, with the lines east of Pittsburg, a comparison of the financial statements for July, 1887 and 1890, shows that while the gross earnings were, for that month this year, 6⅓ million dollars larger than on the same lines for July, 1887, the net earnings were actually $126,000 less. That is, the expenses of these roads for July, 1890, were over six million dollars greater than for July, 1887. This increase of expenses is due to the policy of improvement of the roads by relaying track, improving the road-bed, adding to the rolling stock, the improvement of depot facilities, and the increased wages paid workmen.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.—The following shows the totals of our exports and imports of merchandise, and of gold and silver, for the month of July, and for the 12 months ending July 31:

MERCHANDISE.

	July.	Year.
Exports	$84,445,042	$809,015,507
Imports	77,560,913	709,071,719
Excess imports	$3,115,847	
Excess exports		$64,943,788

GOLD AND SILVER.

	July.	Year.
Exports gold	$11,890,029	$21,852,734
Exports silver	2,903,571	35,136,433
Total exports	$14,763,600	$58,989,167
Imports gold	$ 1,187,504	$13,268,514
Imports silver	1,285,600	21,511,722
Total imports	$ 2,473,104	$34,780,236
Excess exports	$12,290,496	$24,209,197

TOTAL, MERCHANDISE, GOLD AND SILVER.

	July.	Year.
Exports, total	$99,208,642	$919,004,674
Imports, total	80,034,077	829,852,355
Excess exports		$ 89,152,319
Excess imports	$10,825,435	

While the balance of trade is in our favor for the year by 89 millions, it is against us for the month of July last by nearly 11 millions net. The July balance in merchandise alone (not counting gold and silver) is against us by 23 millions. This is the result of the delay of the Senate in passing the McKinley tariff bill. Foreign manufacturers are rushing their goods over in enormous quantities, as will be seen by the figures of imports for July. The moral is—pass the tariff bill quickly!

OUR CLOSING BOOK OFFER.

In response to many letters of inquiry, we wish to say:

We have left about 50 copies of "Nasby in Exile," which will be disposed of on the terms offered during May and June:

We have about 20 copies of Andersonville left, to be disposed of on the offer recently published.

The above will close out our editions of these books, and those desiring them will please order *at once*, or they will be too late to obtain them at all.

THE loss to our manufacturing interests by the delay in passing the tariff bill may be forcibly illustrated in the state ment, that during the month of July there were imported into the port of New York, $5,146,576 more of foreign textile fabrics than in the same month last year. These goods were naturally hurried to this country in anticipation of the passage of the MCKINLEY bill. Now, if these fabrics had been made in this country, by American machinery, not less than forty thousand of our own laborers would have been employed, whose wages would have amounted to nearly $2,000,000. That much may therefore be considered as lost to American labor by this increase of imports in a single month.

MINISTER LINCOLN denies that he intends to resign. Those who know him best took no stock in the rumor that he would desert a post which he so ably fills just at a time when his services are likely to be greatly needed in the matter of the Behring Sea question.

THE British Prime Minister, Lord SALISBURY, declares that the condition of the farmers in England is "simply deplorable." One of the beauties of the free trade policy of that country.

GROVER CLEVELAND should remember the fact that no man has ever been elected President of the United States after having held the office and then out for one year.

IS ARKANSAS A REPUBLIC?

The federal constitution, in Article IV, section 4, declares that "the United States shall guarantee to every state in this Union a republican form of government." That guarantee should be carried out with respect to Arkansas, for it is governed by a lawless, murderous mob, instead of by a free and untrammeled vote of the people. It is an oligarchy, not a republic.

The brutal murder of CLAYTON, who was elected to Congress in 1888, but counted out by the mob minority through unblushing frauds, is still fresh in the minds of the people. He was collecting evidence to be used in his contest of the seat with CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE when he was shot down like a dog by some cowardly scoundrel; and BRECKINRIDGE holds that seat in the House as the usufruct of political murder, not by the suffrage of a majority of the voters of that district.

On Saturday, August 30, a mob at Morrillton, between one and two thousand in number, assaulted a man named SMALL as he descended for the cars, carrying 7,000 Union Labor tickets for use in the State election which occurs to-day. These cowardly bullies knocked him senseless with loaded sticks, stole the tickets and destroyed them. Every business house in the town had been closed, and the mob had been summoned in order to perpetrate this outrage and prevent any tickets being on hand at the polls except Democratic ones.

SMALL'S offense, in the eyes of these scoundrels, was double: He was distributing tickets to be voted in opposition to Democratic mob candidates; and he also, according to one newspaper account, was charged "with the offense of organizing Grand Army posts!" There is Democratic freedom of speech for you! A man is brutally assaulted because he is active in Grand Army work! Another interesting bit of information is that "the sheriff and his deputies were present," and were called on for protection, "but they paid no attention to the request."

There should be a demand upon the President of the United States that the guarantee of the federal constitution shall be carried out in Arkansas, and a Republican government be secured to the people. The state is apparently in the control of a mob. Certain it is, that honest elections are impossible. The Senate, too, can see the mistake it will make if it does not pass a federal election law, to secure a fair election in that state for representatives in Congress and Presidential electors.

SENATOR INGALLS.

The Kansas Democrats are hugging to their bosoms the delusive hope that the Republicans of that state have grown tired of Senator INGALLS, and will retire him to private life. It would be incredible if Mr. INGALLS had not some enemies in his own party; but that the Republican party of Kansas is foolish enough to retire a man of national reputation, a man who has made his mark in opposing Bourbonism and its reactionary tendencies, is not to be believed Every Republican in every other state would point the finger of scorn at his Kansas brethren were they to do so weak and foolish a thing.

MR. INGALLS has done more honor to Kansas since he has been in the Senate than Kansas has done him in sending him there. He is a leader in that body, and has won a place high in the esteem and confidence of his fellow-Senators, as also of the Republicans of the entire country, by his talents. He is absolutely fearless; he is by all odds the best man on the floor of the Senate in off-hand debate, and his talent for pungent and sarcastic repartee makes him feared by his Bourbon antagonists; he is a man of talent and of action, highly useful not only to his party but to the nation. He deserves the entire confidence and undivided support of the Republicans of his state, and they will be recreant to their duty if they do not choose a legislature which will re-elect him.

While most of the talk against Mr. INGALLS in Kansas can be traced to Democratic sources, there are a few Republicans, it is said, who are opposed to the Senator because "he has done nothing for Kansas." We demand the specifications. Show where Mr. INGALLS has failed to be true to the best interests of the state and the party which sent him to the Senate! We suspect that the only thing he has failed to do is to provide fat offices for the gentlemen who are opposed to his re-election. The Republicans of that state should "sit down" upon these pestiferous office-grabbers, and that with forty-ton emphasis. It is not at all a matter of national concern whether they got the cross-roads postoffices for which their hungry souls yearned; but it is a matter of concern to the Republicans of the entire country that JOHN J. INGALLS shall be kept in his seat in the Senate. There are few men there who could not be better spared than he.

THE SEPTEMBER ELECTIONS.

There are but few September elections left, and they excite but small attention outside of the states immediately concerned. They are the following:

Arkansas elects state officers on Monday, September 1. The canvass there has been active; for, though the state has been strongly Democratic for many years, the "Agricultural Wheel," a farmers' organization, entered the political field and nominated a state ticket in 1888, which was supported by the Republicans. The result was a reduction of the Democratic plurality from 36,000 to 15,000. A similar alliance has been made this year between the Republicans and the Wheel. Arkansas has received a large immigration during the last few years, and the result is seen in the steady increase of the Republican vote. The result in that state will be awaited with interest.

On Tuesday, September 2, Vermont and Wyoming elect state officers and Representatives to the Fifty-second Congress. Vermont always goes Republican, and this year will undoubtedly do the same. At the last election for territorial congressional delegate in Wyoming, the Republican candidate was elected by a majority of 2,894 in a total vote of 18,010, and there is every reason to look for a substantial Republican victory at the coming election.

On Monday, September 8, Maine elects a governor and representatives in Congress. The only point of interest is the outcome of the bitter fight made by the Democrats on Speaker REED, in the First district, but the information from that state is to the effect that it will be futile. The district has given Mr. REED seven successive elections, in spite of local dissatisfactions which sometimes have existed, and there is no reason to believe that he will not receive a triumphant endorsement this year.

IT has long been a favorite argument with those opposed to the competitive system of filling offices in the public service, is that some of the qualifications essential to usefulness in these positions cannot be tested by competitive examinations, but by practical trial only. In view of this argument, it is satisfactory to note that 98 per cent of the probationary appointments made under the civil service system have been made permanent.

BLAINE'S WATERVILLE SPEECH.

We fancy the Democratic free trade organs will not be so eager to indorse JAMES G. BLAINE'S speech on Friday night at Waterville, Maine, as they were to set up the preposterous claim that his project for reciprocity of trade indicated that he had abandoned protectionist ideas. Mr. BLAINE took the opportunity to settle all the silly twaddle of the free traders regarding his own position. His masterly exposition of the benefits of protection to this country shows that his faith in that economic system to be as strong and unshakable as it has ever been. We may expect, therefore, to note a sudden cessation of Democratic praise of BLAINE and his reciprocity idea, now that he has shown clearly that it is the logical extension of the protective policy, and as much opposed to free trade theories as is protection itself.

To show this fact—that reciprocal trade is the logical extension of protection—was the task to which Mr. BLAINE addressed himself, after a brief exposition of what the protective system has accomplished for us since 1861; and the argument is one that must clinch the matter in the mind of any thinking man. We publish the speech entire elsewhere in this issue, and it is eminently worthy of thoughtful perusal. Mr. BLAINE'S exposition of reciprocal trade follows the following line of logic:

That, under free trade our markets are thrown open to the whole world, while under protection we levy a duty on all products from abroad that enter our markets;

That, so far (excepting Hawaii) these duties are the same for goods from any and all countries;

That, during the twenty-five years which have elapsed since the war, we have taken the duties off imported articles—extended the free list until it now embraces over one-third of our total imports;

That by so doing we have greatly favored the countries producing these articles thus put on the free list, without obtaining any favor in return;

That the other countries of America have tariffs which impose heavy duties on imports—such as Cuba's duty on flour, which is about $5 per barrel;

That, as the McKinley bill proposes to add still further to the free list, by putting thereon sugar and other articles largely produced by these countries, it is the part of wisdom not to give them these commercial benefits without exacting reciprocal benefits;

Therefore, Congress should enact such additional legislation as will place in the hands of the chief executive the power to continue the duties on those products, except in the case of countries which shall remove their duties in turn from such American exports as their people use largely—such as flour, pork, and other agricultural products.

This is the logical line of Mr. BLAINE'S remarks, and we predict that our free trade friends will have great difficulty in meeting his argument with anything that will commend itself to the common sense of the masses of the American people, especially the farmers.

RAILWAY INVESTMENTS.

There are many people in this country who sincerely believe that the railroads are making too much money. As a fact, while there are some which pay good dividends, the greater number of them are by no means profitable. As a matter of information, we publish the following table, which is taken from the report of the statistician of the Inter-state Commerce commission, and gives a classification of stocks and bonds according to the rate of dividend or interest paid:

Rate.	Stock.	Per cent of Total.	Bonds.	Per cent of Total.
Nothing	$2,021,439,792	61.67	$775,851,795	18.19
Under 1	82,999,600	1.95	24,125,836	0.56
1 to 2	62,168,441	1.46	47,908,840	1.13
2 to 3	102,729,300	2.42	88,341,900	2.07
3 to 4	118,554,833	2.79	297,371,522	6.97
4 to 5	306,307,107	7.20	594,977,938	13.95
5 to 6	387,480,453	9.11	1,095,170,534	25.66
6 to 7	182,103,482	4.28	835,871,605	19.59
7 to 8	187,724,246	4.41	437,509,649	10.26
8 to 9	101,970,652	2.40	28,955,800	0.67
9 to 10	5,405,810	0.13	13,068,750	0.30
10 to 11	66,096,875	1.57	28,104,600	0.65
11 & ab	22,579,040	0.53	.....	.....
Total	$4,251,100,719	100.00	$4,367,527,859	100.00

It will thus be seen that, on nearly 62 per cent of the total amount of railroad stock outstanding, nothing whatever in the way of dividends was paid; and no interest was paid on more than 18 per cent of the bonds. But the fact is worthy of note that a large portion of these stocks and bonds, worthless so far as dividends and interest are concerned, represent property held for incidental advantages accruing to the owner, or else property representing the obligations of subsidiary corporations who are passing through a process of being solidified into large operating systems.

THE statistics of the production of pig iron in this country, published by the census office, Interior department at Washington, are noteworthy in respect to the great gain the South has made in this industry. The product has increased from 350,436 tons in 1880 to 1,780,009 tons in 1890. Alabama produced in the census year one-half as much as the whole South, and was only exceeded in manufacture by Pennsylvania and Ohio. The figures stand as follows: Pennsylvania, 4,712,511 tons; Ohio, 1,302,299; Alabama, 890,432. New England manufactured in 1890 733,781 tons; in 1880 30,907 tons. The time is rapidly coming when we will surpass Great Britain, and be the greatest iron-producing and iron-manufacturing country in the world, and it is especially gratifying to note that the South will not be left out of the prosperity that comes from diversified industries. The curse of that section has always been her adherence to the doctrine that she should produce only raw material, to be shipped elsewhere for manufacturing, instead of extending her industries in lines parallel with her production of raw materials.

PROF. EDWARD ORTON, the Ohio geologist, who has paid much attention to the scientific questions connected with coal oil and natural gas, finds the following propositions to be best supported by investigation:

1.—Petroleum is derived from organic matter.

2.—It is much more largely derived from vegetable than from animal substances.

3.—Petroleum of the Pennsylvania type is derived from organic matter of bituminous shales, and is of vegetable origin.

4.—Petroleum of the Canada and Lima type is derived from limestone, and is of animal origin.

5.—Petroleum has been produced at normal rock temperatures (in Ohio fields), and is not a product of the destructive distillation of bituminous shales.

6.—The stock of petroleum in the rocks is already practically complete.

If his conclusions be correct, then the theory advanced by a French scientist that the petroleum products are the result of chemical combinations in the earth itself, due to the conjunction of salt water, carbonate ores of iron and other sources of carbon, possibly including limestone (carbonate of lime), under great pressure and at a high temperature from the earth's internal heat, is wrong; and gas and oil, not being in constant course of production, the supply is certain to be exhausted in course of time.

INDIA WHEAT.

The British government, in connection with the Indian colonial government, is straining every nerve to promote the production of wheat in India. Great Britain has an enormous population in comparison with her agricultural area; and it is utterly out of the question for her farmers to supply the breadstuffs for the nation, even if every foot of arable land in the island were devoted to wheat culture.

The British policy always has been, to favor her colonies first, and she shapes her course so as to obtain her supplies, as far as possible, from them, and in turn to supply them with all manufactures they demand. Wheat can be produced more cheaply in India than anywhere else in the world. Land is cheap, and the labor of the ryots costs only a few pence a day. The wages of an American farm hand for a month would buy a ryot's labor for an entire year.

In order to produce manufactured goods at the cheapest rate, it is necessary to keep wages down to the lowest possible figure. To keep wages down, it is necessary that food shall be cheapened in every available way. Forty odd years ago Great Britain deliberately sacrificed her farmers to her manufacturers, by repealing the laws imposing a duty on imported grain and breadstuffs—the "corn laws." It was done in response to the demand of her manufacturers, who wanted it done that food should be cheaper, in order that the wages of their workmen could be kept down.

The adoption of protective tariffs by all other civilized countries except herself (and New South Wales) has resulted in the building up of the industries of these countries, and they have become competitors with English manufacturers. The only hope of the latter is in underselling all others. To do this, they must keep the cost of manufacturing down; and, in turn, as labor is the largest item in manufacturing, its wages must be kept down—and cheap bread is a means of doing this.

Hence the steady fostering of wheat production in India. Its increase is in direct proportion to the increase in irrigation and the extension of Indian railways. Both these are steadily being pushed by the Anglo-Indian government. Twelve years ago India exported $14,300,000 worth of wheat; last year she exported $87,600,000 worth—the railway mileage having doubled in that time.

The official estimate puts this year's Indian wheat crop at over 252,000,000 bushels, the average yield being about ten bushels per acre. India thus produces about two-thirds as much as the whole United States—about as much as our entire winter wheat yield.

The United States and Russia are the countries which now supply Great Britain with the breadstuffs she cannot produce herself. From the foregoing, it is apparent that she will, in time, supply herself largely from India, and one of the foreign markets for our surplus will thus disappear.

HOW THEY TALK IN TEXAS.

Texas is, as every one knows, a Democratic state; but the Republicans down there are of true metal, and in as good fighting trim as in any state in the Union. The Republicans of McGregor, McLennan county, Texas, met in convention recently, and THE BLADE is indebted to a correspondent there for a copy of the stirring resolutions adopted on that occasion. They evince a broad and intelligent view of the political situation, and are admirable in both letter and spirit. We quote those planks having a national bearing, and submit them for the approbation of the Republicans of the nation at large:

Pledging ourselves anew to the constitutional doctrines and traditions of the National Republican party, we heartily endorse the administration of Benjamin Harrison.

We favor the principle of reciprocity as advocated by James G. Blaine, believing the adoption of the same by Congress will bring about an era of the greatest prosperity ever enjoyed by this nation.

We also fully approve of the wise action of the Republican members of both houses of Congress, in fulfilling the pledges of the party, in legislation, the passage of silver, the revision of the tariff, the liability pension bill, and other measures of national importance.

That the thanks of the country are due the Republican Congress, and Speaker Reed, for amending the rules of the House so that the business of the country can be done by the people's representatives.

We regard the claims of the Democratic party, that members of Congress may be silent, in a parliamentary sense, for the purpose of defeating a quorum to do business, and at the same time be physically present to obstruct the business, as revolutionary, and a wanton disregard of the duties for which Congressmen are elected and paid by the people.

We hold that it is the imperative duty of Congress to provide a fair and impartial law for a free and honest ballot in every Congressional district in the United States, so as to secure to every citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign born, white or black, the right to cast one free ballot and to have that ballot duly counted.

We earnestly favor and demand such legislation, both in congress and this state, as will, in every practicable mode encourage, protect and promote the interest of agriculture in all its departments. Protection to labor and the rights of laborers, such as grant to it its full and just rewards, is among the first obligations of government.

The remaining planks are devoted to state affairs, and favor strict economy and the lowest possible tax rate; supervision of railways, but against the "commission amendment;" state school textbooks; and against the leasing of convicts. They favor the nomination of a full Republican state ticket, and an earnest and active campaign. THE BLADE commends the platform and attitude of our Texan brethren to the Republicans of the whole nation.

INDIANA BANKRUPT.

Democratic rule has borne its legitimate fruit in the state of Indiana. The treasury is empty; the revenue of the state is insufficient to meet the extravagant appropriations made by the Bourbon legislature; the attempt was made to borrow money, increasing the bonded debt of the state, but nobody wants the $600,000 of bonds. They were offered for sale last March; no bidders. They were offered again in May, with the same result. They were offered the third time on August 21, but still no one made a single bid.

During the period of Republican control, some eight years ago, the state debt was reduced from $8,000,000 to $4,000,000 (in round numbers), and the revenues were enough to run the state under economical control and pay off the balance of the debt. Then the Democrats came into power. Instead of wiping out the state debt, they have doubled it, and it is again about $8,000,000. The state's credit is gone, her bonds can not find a purchaser, the treasury is empty, and Indiana is practically bankrupt.

It would seem that the taxpayers of that state, especially the farmers, would rise in union and overthrow the abominable Democratic gang which has wrecked her credit and piled up millions of debt as a lien upon the people. It is a singular fact that Democratic supremacy has the same result everywhere. Reckless extravagance and waste always marks Bourbon ascendency. It was true of Ohio under HOADLY, and will be true under CAMPBELL. It is true of Indiana; and the long list of defaulting Democratic state treasurers in the Bourbon ridden South attests the universality of the fact, that the Democratic party is incompetent to handle public financial business honestly and economically.

☞ *Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.*

THE NATION'S NUMBERS.

Apropos of the estimate from the Census office that the population of the whole United States will be about 64,000,000 by the present census, the New York *Sun* makes some interesting comparisons of our rate of growth during the last decade with that of previous ones, and with the other great countries of the world. From the beginning of the century the population by each census and the per cent of increase during the decade are as follows:

	Population.	Per cent increase.
1800	5,308,483	
1810	7,239,881	36.38
1820	9,638,822	33.06
1830	12,866,020	32.51
1840	17,069,453	33.22
1850	23,191,876	35.88
1860	31,443,321	35.11
1870	38,558,371	22.65
1880	50,155,783	30.08
1890	64,000,000	about 28.00

Our growth as a nation has been without parallel in the history of the civilized world. The past ten years show an increase of about 28 per cent, which is 2 per cent less than that of the previous decade, and 6 per cent less than the average ratio from 1800 to 1880, with the decade of the civil war—1860 to 1870—omitted. The tremendous nature of our increase within the past 80 years is well shown by a comparison with Great Britain—England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. In 1801 Britain's total population was 15,890,412; in 1881, when the last census was taken, it was, in round numbers, about 35,000,000; and if the ratio from 1871 to 1881 has kept up, it is now about 38,000,000.

That is, at the beginning of the century Great Britain had a population thrice our own, and has now less than three-fifths of ours. Already the United States contains more English-speaking people than Great Britain, and is really the center of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The *Sun*, taking the present rate of increase of population in both countries, gives the following figures to show the comparative growth for the next 60 years, if that rate remains unaltered—though England's population is now so dense that it is entirely improbable she will keep up the present rate:

	United States.	United Kingdom.
1900	80,000,000	42,000,000
1910	100,000,000	46,250,000
1920	125,000,000	51,000,000
1930	156,250,000	56,250,000
1940	195,300,000	62,000,000
1950	244,000,000	68,000,000

As it is, the United States now stands second among civilized nations in population, as the following table demonstrates:

	Population.	Census.
Russian Empire	118,354,040	1887
United States	64,000,000	1890
Germany	46,855,450	1885
Austria-Hungary	41,484,808	1888
France	38,218,903	1886
Great Britain and Ireland	35,246,633	1881
Italy	28,460,000	1887
Spain	17,556,246	1887

The manifest destiny of the Union is to become the most populous nation of the civilized world. With a corresponding spread of education, it will be the most intelligent of nations. If, then, its people stand firm in loyalty to the Nation—a Nation with a big N—instead of deeming their loyalty due to a state—we shall be also the most powerful. We can dominate the world, if our people shall but avail ourselves of the opportunities given them.

THEY LIKE THE NEW STORY.

Our political serial, "Uncle Sam in 1894," seems to be received with much favor by our readers, to judge by the letters we receive.

New subscribers who desire to begin with the opening chapters should send in their orders at once, as back numbers will be speedily exhausted.

OHIO DEMOCRATS ON BLAINE.

The Democrats of Ohio, in their platform adopted at Springfield, take free trade ground. They demand "a reduction of tariff taxes," declare that "tariff taxes should be for revenue only," oppose the MCKINLEY bill, and quote approvingly Mr. BLAINE'S words that "there is not a section nor a line in it that opens a market for a bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork." The framer of the resolution has adopted a new phrase—"tariff taxes." He intends this as allusion to the parrot cry, "the tariff is a tax." Without discussing this glaring misstatement, we wish to call attention to Mr. BLAINE'S words, quoted above.

They are true, and do not convey (nor were they intended so to do) any criticism on the McKinley bill. It is no criticism to say that a fence built to keep our neighbor's cattle out of our pasture does not allow our own cattle to get into that neighbor's pasture. Mr. BLAINE was arguing for reciprocity, and he rightly said, as an argument for the adoption of such a measure, that the McKinley bill does not provide for it. That is all there is of BLAINE'S utterance, and not even an Ohio Democrat can twist it to mean anything more.

The

UNION PENSION SERVICE ASSOCIATION.

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, to his widow and orphans."

NEW CAMPS.

Official Reports of the Organization of Union Service Pension Associations for the Week.

Maple City Camp, No. 10 of Kansas.
Maple City, Cowley Co., Kansas; 3d Congressional district; organized Aug. 2, 1890; 25 members.
Commandant—W. A. Clark, Maple City, Kan.
Vice Commandant—(not given.)
Adjutant—C. W. Bailey, Maple City, Kan.

Bowland Camp, No. 20 of Ohio.
Graytown, Ottawa Co., Ohio; 10th Congressional district; organized Aug. 20, 1890; members enrolled, 21.
Commandant—W. D. Smith.
Vice Commandant—M. Bowland.
Adjutant—Charles Green.
All of Graytown, Ottawa Co., Ohio.

Hopkins Camp, No. 11 of Missouri.
Hopkins, Nodoway Co., Missouri; 4th Congressional district; organized Aug. 9, 1890; members enrolled, 64.
Commandant—Reuben A. George.
Vice Commandant—George O. Cobb.
Adjutant—James Beauchamp.
All of Hopkins, Nodoway Co., Mo.

Golden City Camp, No. 12 of Missouri.
Golden City, Barton Co., Mo.; —— Congressional district; organized Aug. 22, 1890; members enrolled, 92.
Commandant—W. F. Stemons.
Vice Commandant—Henry Hoyt.
Adjutant—J. R. Barnes.
Quartermaster—William Black.
All of Golden City, Barton Co., Mo.

D. G. Farragut Camp, No. 7 of South Dakota.
Avon, South Dakota; organized Aug. 18, 1890; members enrolled, 18.
Commandant—A. C. James, Myrtle, S. D.
Vice Commandant—R. N. Stout.
Adjutant—Roger Farrell, Myrtle, S. D.

Rockford Camp, No. 5 of Nebraska.
Rockford, Cherry Co., Nebraska; 3d Congressional district; organized Aug. 2, 1890; members enrolled, 25.
Commandant—J. M. Jenkins, Merrimon, Cherry Co., Neb.
Vice Commandant—P. R. Snowden.
Adjutant—G. B. McNamee, Merrimon, Neb.
Quartermaster—G. W. Butcher.

Medina Camp, No. 2 of New York.
Medina, Orleans Co., New York; 31st Congressional district; organized Aug. 23, 1890; members enrolled, 20.
Commandant—Charles Fuller.
Vice Commandant—John Lake.
Adjutant—John F. Chase.
All of Medina, Orleans Co., New York.

The Constitution and Plan of Organization of the U. S. P. A.

We shall not hereafter take the space to give the Plan of Organization and Constitution of the Union Pension Service Association each week. It will appear only at intervals.

All who send to us for blanks and sample copies will be gladly furnished with all they need, free; and we will send, to all such, copies of issues of THE BLADE containing the Constitution and Plan of Organization of the U. S. P. A.

What They Say.

Adjutant Cummings, of McKean Camp, No. 2 of Pennsylvania, Bradford, writes as follows (the Camp organized, with 50 members, on June 26):

We are growing nicely. We have over 200 members in our Camp now, and several lists are out for signatures. Our Recruiting and Extension Committees are at work, and report good success. We want 500 members in this camp, and we are going to get them, or else organize more Camps in this town, and secure them in that way. We want that many in the city, whether we get them in this camp or that, and we are going to get them.

That is the right spirit. Nothing can be done without push and hard work, even in so good a cause as this. We commend the example of McKean Camp to comrades everywhere.

By the way, we should be glad to hear from the Adjutants or Commandants of all other camps regarding their growth, and the kind of work their Recruiting and Extension committees are doing, for publication.

A comrade, from Muscle Fork, Missouri, in Representative Mansur's district (who voted against the disability bill), says:

The Democrats here are red hot over the probable effects of the disability bill on the United States treasury, even if it, this pension law does aid disabled ex-soldiers. Mansur's vote against the disability bill will be used against him for all it is worth.

It is safe to say that 90 per cent of the soldiers here are Republicans, and camps or no camps, the soldiers know there no prospect of help in the success of the Democratic party in Congressional elections when the pension question is an issue.

Then the soldiers should organize in that district, and give Mr. Mansur as hard a tussle as they can in the Congressional fight. Organization is the only means to bring pressure to bear. Take in not only the soldiers themselves, but all voters who are in favor of service pensions, and make a strong, earnest, honest fight against him.

Philosophy of Pensions.

The noted newspaper writer, "Gath," in a letter from Boston during the national encampment, declares that no important nation overlooks its soldiers, for they in themselves represent the justice of the land, in nearly all cases. The soldiers of France finally overturned the Directory as they had established the Directory over the Jacobin club. The commencement of the Roman wars, which resulted in the seating of the Cæsars on the throne in the place of the republic, was in a silly hostility of the common mob in Rome, abetted by the senators of Rome, to allow the old soldiery who had fought Roman battles, and who had settled upon territory adjacent to Rome and in the other parts of Italy to share the freedom and suffrage of the municipality.

They insist in keeping up a little civic government in which were comparatively few soldiers, while these honest Roman soldiery were settled in districts adjacent to the modern Naples, to Viterno and to Florence. Denied recognition for their military services, these soldiery learned to look to Cæsar as their champion, and he and his associates, by their aid, abolished the arrogance of the Roman aristocracy, assisted by the Roman democracy. It is almost always found that a civilian aristocracy leans upon a civilian democracy, as against the military men who have too much distinguished themselves in the eyes of all. That was one of the causes of the outbreak in the Republican camp subsequent to the civil war, when Greeley, Sumner, Chase, and others who had never taken up the sword, resented the advent of Grant, supposing that there could be but one door by which to enter into political power, and that door the door of the caucus, the political convention, and the newspaper. The destinies of the world are seldom changed in the mere progression of thinkers and law-givers. Those discover afterward that they have had a material influence in changing affairs, but when we look around us and see the men who have made their impression upon our times and upon times immediately precedent, we think of Napoleon, Victor Emanuel, Kings Frederick and William, and Grant.

In this view of the case the matter of pensions paid out of an abundant country to so many of its recent soldiers does not appear to be altogether wasted. If the aggregate is large, so was the aggregate of soldiery, and so was the aggregate of wounds, poverty and sorrow. But those little social camps of the Grand Army posts, with their libraries of war books, their newspapers, and their pipes are all confirmations of peace and order, and the pensions they draw are a mighty advertisement for the youth of the land to pour out again when there shall be real war, as no doubt it will come in the course of time with this power or with that.

At the commencement of the civil war I used to visit the hospital at Greenwich. There the old sailors of Nelson were still to be seen, and the Hospital of the Invalides in Paris, where soldiers of Napoleon's Russian campaign could yet be talked to. Those large institutions in the heart of great centers of population were palaces in themselves, and they were reckoned among the glories of both England and France. No party undertook to break them up. In this land we have our Greenwich and Hotel des Invalides in these Grand Army posts, which give no concern to anybody, are no centers of conspiracy, and only to the extent of interfering with our government they do press the claims of the maimed comrade, the soldier in the poorhouse or the widow struggling against adverse circumstances, who remembers the promises of Lincoln and the words of the various acts of Congress saying that no man should suffer if he offered his life for his life for his land.

In the interval this country has been vastly blessed with extraordinary riches. It has been transformed from a country of wooden houses to a nobly built land, with villas everywhere, superior cities, bridges over all the streams, and railways more than enough to go six times go round the earth. Yet the army sometimes expended $4,000,000 a day, and often $2,000,000 a day. The country has been able since the war by the assurance that war gave of the resolute purposes of this land, to borrow all the money it wanted, and to pay off vast blocks of its debt, and to relieve the people to a large extent of onerous taxation. In the meantime, as old age creeps upon the soldier, his necessities become more apparent to himself, adn to others the pension list takes a distinctness it did not have before. Yet we are to remember that even now we live only about the same period after our civil war that the soldiers of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill lived after the conquest of Canada.

As Canada went down about 1757, so in twenty-one years more occurred the victory of Saratoga, and after twenty-four or twenty-five years the victory of Yorktown. Nearly all the important officers of the revolution had learned their business in the French wars. It has been twenty-five years since the expiration of the civil war, and, while a good many of the important officers of that war have died, immense numbers of the plain soldiery thereof are still vigorous, and we meet them everywhere. We see in the government at Washington the President, the secretary of War, the secretary of the Navy and many heads of bureaus and departments, personages of fair consequence in the civil war.

This Grand Army reunion in Boston is one of the proofs that great events in our land lay hold of comradeship and touch the imagination. It was about the year 1824, I think, that Daniel Webster spoke to some scores of Revolutionary veterans at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument on Bunker Hill, and he said to them: "Venerable Men: You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bountifully lengthened out your lives that you might behold this glorious day." That reads very well in the school books. But if Mr. Webster had addressed the veterans of the Revolution in terms that their pensions were costing entirely too much, and that there were a great many jockeys in their ranks, he never would have had his speeches, at at least, in our school books.

I read not long ago in one of the histories of the Revolution that just after Gen. Washington took command at Cambridge he had some beautiful objects set up for his men to study; he had the wooden horse to ride deserters and drunkards upon, drummers to whip thieves, and even the gibbet close in reversion; and the orders of the day indicated that among our revolutionary defenders were folks not exactly at their best in civil life. All of which shows that when you come to a time of war you don't want a beautiful moral, but a man who will measure up to the height of a soldier, turn out his toes, carry his musket without asking to spit on his hands; and when the great moral idea is recorded it is in the cheer of the victorious soldiery, whose guns are yet hot in their hands, and who have made great principles live by the use of ammunition.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet, believes in the transmigration of souls.

"Mose" Jacobs, a Des Moines, Ia., newsboy, has a fortune of $10,000 invested in real estate. He is one of the best-known persons in Iowa.

Oscar Wilde plays on the piano, and says that when he plays Chopin he feels as though he had been crying over sins that he had never committed.

The young duchess of Leinster, who has been called the prettiest woman in England, is tall and slender, stately and calm, with perfectly chiseled features. She is an aristocrat from crown to toe.

Another American heiress, Miss Garner, a cousin of Lady Vernon, is engaged to marry Sir William Gordon-Cummings, a colonel in the Scots Guards, and a handsome man besides.

Miss Rhoda Broughton, in a charming, book-lined study in one of the most picturesque old houses in Oxford, writes the books which have produced so many smiles and tears in England and America. She lives with her sister, Mrs. Newcome.

Dr. Pellegrini, the new president of the Argentine Republic, is of Italian origin. He is a skilled financier, as was shown some years ago by his negotiation of the Buenos Ayres loan with the Baring Brothers of London. He once held the ministry of war.

Time Works Wonders.

"And so you will be 7 next week, Flossie! Why, you are getting to be quite an old lady."

"Yes, I'm getting old much faster than you are, for you have been 28 ever since I can remember."—[Chatter.

A Liberal Offer.

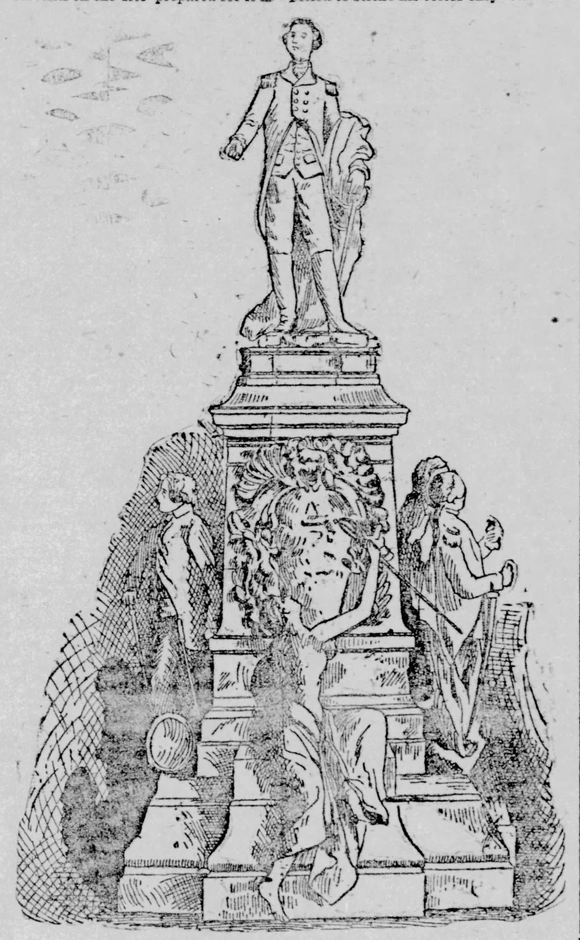
Dr. Willis, a leading and reliable physician of Crawfordsville, Indiana, offers to send free of all expense by mail, to all who will send him their name and address, a box of Pansy Compound, a positive cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Nervous or Sick Headache, Blood Poison and Chronic Disorders. You should send a 2c stamp.

STATUE OF LAFAYETTE

TO BE ERECTED IN WASHINGTON.

Description of the Work of Noted French Sculptors—The Several Figures—Where the Monument Will Stand.

The art treasures of the city of Washington, says the *Post* of that city, are soon to be enriched by a notable addition in the monument to General Lafayette and his fellow-countrymen, which will undoubtedly take first rank among the many fine statues in this city. It is really a work of art—a worthy memorial to the illustrious Frenchman who rendered this country such noble services at the great crisis. The statue is the work of the most eminent French sculptors of the present day, and has been shipped to this country for erection on the site prepared for it in Lafayette park. The pictures of the statute herewith presented are the first produced by the press that give anything like an accurate idea of the magnificent work.



THE LAFAYETTE MONUMENT—FRONT VIEW.

In March, 1885, Congress made an appriation of $50,000 for the purchase and erection of this monument. Of the many designs which were submitted that of the celebrated Frenchmen, Messrs. Falguire and Mercie, was adjudged the best by the commission appointed to make the selection, and the contract was given to them. They received $2,500 for their model and will get $45,000 for the statue as soon as it is transferred to the possession of the United States Government. The work is finished and is expected to arrive here in a few days.

Before its acceptance by Minister Reid, representing this government at Paris, he appointed a committee of art critics upon its acceptability. The two gentlemen selected for this work were Mr. Simmons, who has recently completed his plaster cast for the great war monument at Portland, said to be one of the finest things American sculptors have yet produced, and Mr. Henri Tome, an art critic whose reputation is high and whose works are well known throughout the United States. These two competent authorities expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the work, and it was consequently accepted.

The monument is a representative work of the present French school of monumental sculpture. The artists, in the statues of Lafayette and his associates, have followed the most authentic portraits that have been preserved both in painting and sculpture, and the success that they have attained may be judged from the fact that the living representatives of the two families of Lafayette and Rochambeau have expressed themselves in the highest terms of the representation of their grandfather.

The monument consists of a granite base, surmounted by a marble die, upon which stands the statue of Lafayette. This is 10 feet 6 inches high, and, as in the case of all the subsidiary figures surrounding the die, is of bronze. It represents Lafayette standing erect, bareheaded, and in the Continental uniform. His posture is easy and natural. His right hand is slightly extended as though in greeting, while his left rests easily and gracefully upon his sword. His military cloak hangs over his arm, and its folds fall behind him to his feet. His attitude is such as he might have assumed at the moment when offering his services, without pay, to the Continental Congress. Below him, at the base of the shaft, is the half-naked figure of Victory looking up to him and offering him a sword. She is gracefully posed and beautifully modeled. Upon the die is a large bronze tablet, surrounded by laurel leaves, surmounted by a gargoyle, and bearing the words:

"To Lafayette and his compatriots."

On the right or east side is a group representing the French naval heroes who assisted in the Revolution. One of the statues is that of Vice Admiral Count Charles Hector Theodat D'Estaing, who brought over the first fleet of French war vessels sent to assist the patriots, and who was wounded while leading the principal column in the attack on Savannah, then led by the British. He is dressed in the French naval costume of the age, and an anchor lies at his feet. His right hand rests on his sword and his left is raised, his whole appearance being that of a man engaged in an animated conversation with his companion.

His vis-a-vis is Lieut. Gen. Francois Joseph Paul, Counte de Grasse, who came over in 1781 with twenty-six ships of the line and an immense convoy of 250 merchantmen. He assisted in the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and received the thanks of Congress for his services. Gen. Washington had a great regard for this young man, and, when he was leaving for the West Indies, presented him with two horses as a token of especial esgagement with Admiral Rodney, and fought his ship, the Ville de Paris, with such desperation that when he was compelled to strike his colors only two men beside himself were standing on the upper deck. He is represented as listening with respectful attention to the remarks of the elder men by his side, and his face has a look of determination and courage which would well induce one to credit the story of his desperate fight. He, too, is in French uniform, and a star glitters on his breast.

The military heroes are represented by a spirited group on the west, or left side. The elder man is Jean Baptiste Donatieu de Vineur, Comte de Rochambeau, who was in command of the French forces sent to America. He assisted Lafayette in the Virginia campaign, and rendered valuable service in the siege of Yorktown. After the surrender of that place Congress presented him with two cannon taken from the enemy, upon which were engraved his escutcheon and a suitable inscription, and with resolutions praising his bravery and the service he had rendered to the cause of independence. He is represented in French uniform, and is apparently restraining the impetuosity of the brilliant young officer, Duportaille, by his side. He has the severe martial look one would expect to see on the face of so strict a disciplinarian.

Chevalier Louis Lebeque Duportaille was one of the four French officers engaged by Dr. Franklin to serve in the American army, they being the only ones engaged by the express authority of Congress. He had charge of the engineering operations at Yorktown, and was one of the general officers particularly mentioned by Washington in his dispatches after the capitulation. He is represented as a young man, full of fire and animation, dressed in the Continental uniform. The face is full of intelligence and the figure is a fine piece of sculpture. At his feet lies a mortar.

In the rear, or on the north side of the monument, are two little naked cherubs, represented as holding to a large bronze cartouche or shield, inclosed in scrolls and vinery, upon which the following inscription will be cut:

Erected
By the Congress of the U. S.
to
GENERAL LAFAYETTE
and
HIS COMPATRIOTS,
In commemoration of the services rendered by them during its struggle for Independence.

The monument will, when placed on the granite base, which has been prepared for its reception in Lafayette Park, directly opposite the White House and bordering on Pennsylvania avenue, stand about 35 feet high. The subsidiary figures are all rather more than life-size without being colossal, and the die is of dun or fawn-colored French marble to harmonize more pleasantly with the bronze of which they are cast.

AN ASTONISHING SIGHT.

A Hole in the Ground Where an Oregon Mountain Fell Through.

L. A. Sanctuary, G. W. Parks, M. and A. Abraham, C. L. Hadley, and C. Merton returned recently from their hunting and fishing expedition in the coast range, says the Roxbury *Plaindealer*. They make a report of the astonishing discovery of a hole in the ground one-half by one and half miles in extent, or thereabouts, where last year stood a noble mountain nearly 1,000 feet high.

At the foot of this mountain was located Cedar Lake, a small but exceedingly transparent body of water, which is now no more, the bottom having been forced up when the mountain went down, and the water all spilled out. The mountain is now an island, as it were, surrounded by almost perpendicular walls of rock, about one hundred feet in height. The theory of the discoverers is that the mountain was located over a vast cave, and that the weight of the heavy snows last winter crushed it in. The noise made by the sinking mass of rocks and dirt and trees was heard several miles away, but the parties did not know until recently what caused it. The lake cannot be shown in corroboration of this story, as it has disappeared, but the hole is still there with the mountain in it, and may be viewed by doubting Thomases who will take the trouble to visit it. It is a sight well worth going miles to see. It is about three miles from Laird's, on the Coos Bay wagon road.

Where the Difficulty Lies.

"I am glad to see that Tolstoi's Kreutzer Sonata is to be excluded from the mails," said Mr. Goodboy, as he laid the morning newspaper down.

"Yes, dear," responded Mrs. Goodboy sympathetically, "but it should be excluded from the females, also!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Texas Campaign.

Hogg and hominy ain't Hogg and harmony by a devil of a sight.—[Beeville Picayune.

HER BEAUTIFUL EYES.

Oh, her beautiful eyes! They are blue as the dew
On the violet's bloom when the morning is new,
And the light of their love is the gleam of the sun
O'er the meadows of spring where the quick shadows run,
As the morn shifts the mists and the clouds from the skies—
So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as midday to me,
When the lily-bell bends with the weight of the bee,
And the throat of the thrush is a pulse in the heat,
And the senses are dragged with the subtle and sweet
And delicious breaths of the air's lullabies—
So I swoon in the noon of her beautiful eyes.

Oh, her beautiful eyes! They have smitten mine own
As a glory glanced down from the glare of the throne;
And I reel, and I falter, and fall, as afar
Fell the shepherds that looked on the mythical star.
And yet dazed in the things that bade them arise,
So I grope through the night of her beautiful eyes.

—[James Whitcomb Riley.

Identification.

Charles Chapman, father of ex-Postmaster Chapman, was a lawyer, keen, witty and successful. On one occasion a Baptist minister came before him as a witness, and Chapman asked him what his business was.

"I am an humble candle of the Lord," replied the parson.

"Yes," said Chapman. "I see a *dipped* candle."—[Hartford Times.

Willie's Good Reason.

Willie (down in the country, writing home for his father)—And I have been a good boy, too, papa. I haven't run away for a week.

Willie's mamma (adding a postscript)—Willie has been confined to the house for a week with a very sore toe.—[Chicago Tribune.

MYSTERIOUS CAVERN.

A Great Cave With Signs of an Underground River.

A Cordele, Ga., dispatch to the Macon *Telegraph* says: In a wierd, wild spot, six miles southeast of Cordele, is a wonderful cave.

The old inhabitants tell wonderful tales of this cavern. Legend says that in the days of long ago, when Dooly was remote from civilization, its dark precints were the abode of murderers and outlaws. In its gloomy shades they were safe from the vengeance of the law. Be this true or not, the cave is there, and a beautiful, curious spot it is.

The face of the country in its vicinity is broken, and from out the foot of one of the surrounding hills gushes a spring of cool, pure water; the brooklet enters a deep gorge, down which it flows for perhaps a hundred yards and empties itself into the mouth of the cave.

The cave has two mouths. One is very small, and an entrance can only be obtained by crawling on one's hands and knees. The other entrance is much larger, and after a descent of fifteen or twenty feet you will find yourself in the large cavern. The walls and roofs are solid rock. All is dark and moldy, and the place suggests owls and bats and, maybe, ghouls. This cavern suddenly terminates in a precipice 40 or 50 feet high, down which the brook tumbles. The entrance here is very small, and is made by means of a rude ladder. This correspondent, however, had his curiosity satisfied for the present, and did not attempt the perilous descent.

From a gentleman who had made the trip it was learned that at the foot of the precipice was a cavern of still larger dimensions than the first. The place has been explored for a distance of 60 feet. Beyond that limit the boldest foot has not dared to tread.

The view outside the cavern is striking and beautiful in the extreme. Stately magnolias, from whose branches wild vines hang in beautiful festoons, reflect their grateful shade over the little dell, giving the place a dreamy, romantic charm. In striking contrast, not 50 feet away loom up the everlasting pines, and their doleful crooning blends gently and sweetly with the zephyrs that murmur amid the magnolias. If these forest monarchs could speak, perhaps some light might beshed upon the past history of this natural wonder. Perhaps some shock of nature gave it birth, who knows?

Another mystery connected with the cave is the fate of the brook that tumbles into its mouth. Diligent search has failed to reveal its place of exit from the earth. Parties who have explored the cavern for a distance of 60 feet say that far below can be heard the murmurings of a subterranean stream, perhaps some mighty underground river.

BORROWING NEIGHBORS.

A Sample of the People Who Seldom Have Anything of Their Own.

Mother has often told me of a funny time she had when she was quite a young housekeeper, afflicted with a borrowing neighbor. This lady seldom had anything of her own at hand when it was wanted, so she depended upon the obliging disposition of her friends.

One day my mother put on her large housekeeping apron and stepped across the yard to her outdoor kitchen, writes Margaret L. Sangster in *Harper's Young People*. The kitchens in Kentucky were never a part of the house, but always at a little distance from it, in a separate building.

"Aunt Phyllis," said my mother to the cook, who was browning coffee grains in a skillet over the fire, "I thought I told you that I was coming here to make pound cake and cream pies this morning. Why is nothing ready?"

"La me, Miss Emmeline!" replied Aunt Phyllis, "Miss 'Tilda Jenkins done carried off every pie pan and rolling-pin and pastry board, and borrowed all de eggs and cream fo' herself. Her bakin' isn't mo'n begun."

This was a high-handed proceeding, but nothing could be done in the case. It was Mrs. Jenkins's habit, and mother had always been so amiable about it that the servants, who were easy-going, never troubled themselves to ask the mistress, but lent the inconvenient borrower whatever she desired.

Sometimes just as we were going to church, I was too little to remember at the time, mother said that a small black boy with very white teeth and a very wooly head, would appear at the chamber door, exclaiming:

"Howdye, Miss Emmeline. Miss 'Tilda done sent me to borrow yo' prayerbook. She goin' to church to-day herself."

Or, of a summer evening, her maid would appear with a modest request for Miss Emmeline's lace shawl and red satin fan; Miss 'Tilda wanted to make a call and had nothing to wear.

All this, I think, made mother perfectly set against our ever borrowing so much as a slate pencil or a pin. We were always to use our own things, or go without. I never had a sister, but cousins often spend months at the house, and were in and out of my room in the freest way, forever bringing me their gloves to mend, or their ties to mend, as cousins will.

"Never borrow," said my mother. "Buy or give away, or do without, but be beholden to nobody for a loan."

Cool Tom Patterson.

A half-dozen story tellers were at a Washington street rendezvous last night, and one of them related this:

"The coolest man I ever saw was Tom Patterson, a young traveling man who used to go out of Chicago. Tom had a way of celebrating his return to the city in a manner that made him a favorite with a certain class of boys about town. The only trouble with him was that when he fell under the table it was goodby to Tom. He never moved until the next day. Finally his best friends undertook to reform him. Persuasion was of not much effect, and they concluded to try another scheme. One night, when Tom was groaning under his cargo, the boys toted him to the old morgue, which was then over on Third avenue where there is now a skyscraper. That morgue was always open. Tom was laid on a slab between two unknowns. It was a ghastly sort of joke. The boys lingered about to await results. After a while Tom returned to consciousness and struck a light. He was a great smoker. He held up the match so as to see where he was, and of course he saw. Then he lighted a cigar, sat there, and smoked, after which he resumed his recumbent position on the slab. The boys then called him, but he informed them that he didn't want to be disturbed. Of course we had to get him out, but he wouldn't come until he got ready. Once we threatened him. But he replied that if we used any force he would raise an alarm and have us run in on the charge of prowling around a morgue for the purpose of stealing dead bodies. And he was as cool as a sudden cold wave."—[Chicago Tribune.

When Hubby Comes.

"The most delightful person at a summer resort is the woman with a Sunday husband," says one who knows. "She is always to be found in some of the quieter resorts near the large cities. She is always pretty, usually young, and the most devoted wife in the world—on Sundays. During the week, while her husband is down in the city, she is the leader in all the gaieties that are going on. She plays tennis with the college boys like the best of them, she flirts with the elderly men, who quite understand her, and she turns the heads of all the quite young men, who don't understand her. All this during week days. But on Saturday night everything is changed. When at dusk the big stages come rumbling up to the little hostelry, with their long seats filled with tired, dusty-looking men, she stands, the best-dressed, the most eager-eyed, affectionate little woman in all the assembled crowd of guests, and when Tom comes stepping up to the piazza she gives one wild little cry, settles on his coat collar as if she had done nothing all the week but mourn for his absence. And Tom pats her fluffy head and feels sure that he has the dearest little wife in all the world, and they walk off, she clinging fondly to his arm, quite like a pair of lovers, while all the men who have been her slaves all the week look foolish and would like to punch Tom's empty head. But they don't know, poor souls—and neither does Tom—that the whole thing was got up for their benefit. For a woman always likes to show a man the endearments that may be in store for some man, even though she has no wish or purpose that they should be for him.—[Albany Journal.

Intellectual Pleasure.

Mr. Jolonel—You seem to be intensely interested in the paper this morning, my dear. Do you find anything pleasant?

Mrs. Jolonel—Oh, lots! Here are four murders, an elopement and a divorce case on the very first page.—[Puck.

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LITTLE BITS OF LAUGHTER.

It may be said of a man who invests in a quarry that his lot is a hard one.—[Yorkers Gazette.

A cutting remark: How will you have your hair trimmed!—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Cows running at large in the city must come within the bound-dairy line.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Labor note: The schoolboys of the country are opposed to the switchmen's strike.—[Washington Hatchet.

Balloons are not plentiful in Texas, but pair-o'-shoots are numerous.—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Chicago girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope ladders of their shoestrings.—[Boston Gazette.

"And you allowed your girl's father to kick you?" "I did. But how can a fellow help what's done behind his back?"—[Boston Gazette.

A man who collects stamps is called a philatelist and the greatest of all in the business is Jay Gould. He has collected more stamps than any other man.—[Texas Siftings.

First Pedestrian—There is scarcely any water coming from that sprinkling cart.

Second Pedestrian—The driver is probably saving it for the crossings.—[New York Weekly.

Small Sister—Rob, here's something 'bout "the chariot of the sun." Does the sun drive horses! and how!

Rob (just from the seashore)—Certainly, drives tan-ned-em.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

"No, darling," said a mother to a sick child, "the doctor says I mustn't read to you."

"Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"—[Daughters of America.

THE IDEAL PHYSICIAN.

He Must be Nearly Perfect to Fulfill All These Requirements.

According to a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, the physician should be a strong and healthy man, a master of his profession, of course, and a gentleman; the last word implying gentle manners and a fine sense of honor. His approach to the sick chamber should be like "footsteps upon wool," and his presence therein a benediction. Strong in his knowledge, firm but gentle even to weakness in his touch, magnetic in his sympathies, discreet of speech, sincere in counsel, he would always inspire not only the relatives but the patient with confidence and gratitude. If the case were not serious the loss of prospective fees would not prevent his mingling his sincere pleasure with that of the relatives; if it were past hope his sympathy would make the terrible affliction easier to bear. Would it be impertinent to ask how many American members of a noble profession satisfy these requirements? The medical profession in America abounds with competent and honorable men satisfying some of them. Some have the knowledge and experience without the more graceful qualities. Others have the social accomplishments without the scientific acquirements. It is better to have honesty and ability united, even with a degree of rudeness, than to have all the social graces in the world without the necessary skill. A doctor may be a bear in manners, yet, if he keeps death from the door, his attentions cannot only be tolerated, but gratefully accepted.

The Use of Flowers.

Flowers are used much more sensibly than they used to be. The absurd fashion of loading a young woman down with a dozen or more huge bouquets, every one measuring from fifteen to twenty inches across, is no longer in vogue. The atrocious custom died of its own inappropriateness.

It is possible even with the most delicate blossoms, which are the essence of grace and refinement, to be positively vulgar. The large corsage bouquets, which were so popular for two or three years, seem to have vanished, not to reappear, from the very fact of their oversize and overuse. This is true as well of the bunch of flowers for the street dress as for the ball toilet. Flowers are not so worn because of their wide and exaggerated use, when they get out of the hands of women of taste and refinement, into those of the sort who bleach their hair and daub their faces. The fashion-plates now permit themselves only a bunch of violets in the spring, when a craving of flowers cannot be stifled. More coloring is used in funeral flowers than ever before. Set pieces are no longer used; loose flowers, furnished by members of the family, are the only ones considered appropriate. This is a sensible departure. Why should the tariff, waxen camelias and the tube rose be always used? To some sensitive minds these flowers are associated with death, that, seen at any time, they only recall a scene of mourning. Flowers at a funeral are intended to console the living with their loving touch and gracious softening of the grim outlines; there is more tenderness in the drop of one La France rose than in forty stiff, inodorous Japonicas.—[New York Ledger.

The Cultivated Blush.

Why should the maid endowed with grace,
In youthful beauty's pride,
Whenever a blush come to her face
Feel strangely mortified?
What's fairer than a maiden's blush,
Of innocence the boon,
As radiant as the rosy flush
Upon the face of June?
Sweet maid, be not afraid to blush;
'Twill all too soon be gone;
Some future day you'll use a brush
And pink to put it on.—[New York Press.

A Typo's Natural Error.

Errata—A serious error occurred in our last issue, on page 234. The sentence which reads, "To cut off all sympathy and co-operation from Reid it was extensively and falsely given out that spiritualism was not on trial nor its merits involved in the prosecution, and that it was simply an investigation of the dishonest acts of Reid when in jail, no evidence," etc., should read, "When in fact no evidence," etc.—[The Arena.

This KNIFE and 7-in. SHEARS, postpaid, $1. Cut is exact size; price 65c. our price for awhile 48 cents; 1 for $2.00; best razor-steel blades. Gent's fine 3-blade, $1; boy a 2-blade, 25c; lady's pearl, 50c; pruning, 25 cents; 7-inch best steel shears, 60 cents. SPECIAL OFFER! This knife and 7-inch shears, postpaid, $1. 48c.

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Publishers' Column.

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The price of the Weekly BLADE has always been 30 cents to three-months' subscribers, as all know. We have sold an enormous number of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair"—a magnificent colored engraving of the celebrated original painting—which has always been retailed by everybody else at 50 cents but of which we have sent out thousands at 25 cents each. We have now a supply of 10,000 copies, which we propose to present to new subscribers of the Weekly BLADE, who send us 30 cents each for a three months' subscription. Remit the 30 cents, either in silver by registered mail, or by postal note, or current funds, but not in postage stamps; we will enter your name for the Weekly BLADE for three months and send a copy by mail, postpaid, of this celebrated picture. Be sure to mention in your letter that you want the "Horse Fair," as otherwise it will not be sent. We ask our subscribers to mention this offer to their friends, in order that they may avail themselves of it. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

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The Lane Family History, by Rev. J. Chapman, Exeter, N. H., and Rev. J. H. Fitts, So. Newmarket, Nott., is in preparation. All descendants of Wm. Lane, of Boston, William, of Dorchester, and Job, of Malden, are requested to send their records.

An experienced English tile drainer wishes employment with Ohio or Ill. farmer, by day or rod. J. C., box 486, Binghamton, N. Y.

LADIES, If troubled with any Female Complaint write me. State case. Cure certain and quick. Terms low, by mail sealed. Mrs. Dr. Mary A. Brannon, 6 Pulliam St., Atlanta, Ga.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS. The addresses of soldiers who homestead before June 22, 1874, and made final proof. Send 10c. to MOSES & FERG

HOME TALKS.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS

Collected by the Bessamers—Dinner Customs in Feudal England—King Montezuma's Way of Dining—Knives, Forks and Spoons.

MR. BESSAMER, Jamie and Bob held a somewhat lengthy consultation the next afternoon, from which Mrs. Bessamer was excluded. Her curiosity was aroused, but she did not let it appear to the masculine part of her household, since to do so would be very likely to call forth some remark with regard to woman's proclivities from the eldest of the three conspirators, as she was inclined to regard them, that would arouse her fire, so she calmly bided her time, which she knew would come with the dinner hour.

The meal was not a lively one, nor was there so much depression as the day before. When the season came for the intellectual dessert, as Mr. Bessamer called it, he opened the conversation.

"My dear," he said; "the boys and I have concluded that the pursuit of knowledge is attended with great difficulties. Either because we have not that gift of perseverance which belongs to your sex, and the possession of which so distinguishes you from the common herd"—here there was a suspicious chuckle from Jamie, of which, however, no one took notice—"or that there are impossibilities in the matter which are insurmountable, we have succeeded very poorly in our efforts at illumination in the history of knives and forks and spoons, and since there has been, on the part of none of us, absolutely no shirking, we do crave Your Majesty's pardon for our failure, and beg for a continuance of favor."

"And suppose I am in the same condition, what then?" questioned Mrs. Bessamer.

"Ah! but mamma, we know you're not. You always find out things," interjected Bob.

"Thank you, Bob," responded Mrs. Bessamer; "though I don't quite know whether you intend that as a compliment or not. In the mouth of your father I should recognize a sarcasm, but you are rather young to begin that sort of thing. Do you mean to say, Harry, that you and the boys have found out nothing of interest for our entertainment to-day?"

"Indeed I did not mean to say any such thing," replied Mr. Bessamer. "Each one of us has something to tell the rest, about old manners and customs at the table, if it pleases your ladyship to give us a chance. Jamie, there, is bursting to begin."

"Proceed Jamie. We are listening," said his mother.

"I was interested, mamma, in reading about the dinner customs in the old feudal times in England. They used the great hall of the castles for a dining-room, and it was all hung around with armor and weapons. At the upper end was a raised floor, where the table was set for the family and guests, while a lower one ran down the length of the hall, and that was for those who were not of rank and for the servants. They had a big fire-place in the middle, but it was always cold in the winter. The floor was clay and strewed with rushes, and I think they must have been a pretty dirty mess of folks, for they used to scrape all the bones, crumbs, and pieces that were left, off into these rushes, and leave it all there for days.

"The dining tables were in the shape of a letter T, the big swells sitting around the cross part and the rest below. There was always a cistern somewhere in the hall where they rinsed off the plates that were wanted to be used again during the meal.

"When they all got through eating, somebody, called an ewerer, brought a basin of water for everybody to wash their hands, because they ate most of their food from their fingers; and I read that King James the First and the Queen used to have the cloth taken off and the table lowered, so they could get on it and sit by the ewer to wash. Guess their table manners were not very good. They needed mamma there to tell them what to do."

"What have you to tell, Bob?" asked Mrs. Bessamer.

"I read about King Montezuma of Mexico, mamma, the one who reigned there when the Spaniards came. He used to have 300 kinds of dishes served for a single dinner. My, how he must have stuffed. He had everything hot first, and then, all kinds of fruit afterwards. One dish that he liked was maize bread baked with eggs. I tell you, old Montezuma knew what was nice, for he used to have a fire made in his dining room out of the bark of trees that wouldn't smoke at all, but just smell like the finest perfumery. And mamma, he wouldn't let anybody see him eat, but had a gilded screen put around him so that no one could look. Nobody dare say a word anywhere within hearing while he took his dinner. He didn't drink coffee but had some kind of liquor that he drank out of a golden pitcher. Wasn't that style though?"

Bob having finished, all turned to Mr. Bessamer, who said that he read a good deal, but the thing that made the greatest impression upon him was one of the old Spartan laws made by Lycurgus, which obliged citizens to eat together at public places, in order to put an end to the extravagance of private tables. Everybody, without distinction of persons, had to be at this common meal, and each individual furnished "every month a bushel of flour, eight measures of wine, five pounds of cheese, two-and-a-half pounds of figs, and a small sum of money to pay for the cooking and preparing of the food. The children were present at these public tables, and heard the conversation, which was never allowed to be vulgar or in any way disgusting.

"The thing which struck me most," he said, in conclusion, "was this: As soon as a young man entered the dining-room, the oldest person present pointed to the door, saying: "*Nothing spoken here, must ever go out there.*" I think that would be a good rule to import into our modern training, then, perhaps, the laws of hospitality would not be so frequently violated."

"I agree with you," said Mrs. Bessamer. "Mischief is often made through the repeating of what has been said in the privacy of a home-circle, by the stranger within the gates. Those old Spartans had good sense. Now I will tell you what I have learned about knives and forks.

"It is not easy to discover just when these articles came into use, but it must have been at a comparatively recent date, for, as Jamie told us, in the old days in England they employed their fingers principally to carry their food to their mouths. Even to-day not more than half of the world use the knife and fork, many people tearing their meat apart into morsels, and eating them from their fingers.

"That these articles were known in Queen Elizabeth's time is evident from descriptions given of them in an account of her possessions, but they were considered as articles of ornamentation rather than for use. In Pepy's Diary mention is made of the carrying with him of his fork and spoon to a Lord Mayor's dinner. During George the First's reign, three pronged forks were in use, as well as the two pronged, but the four-pronged was made during the time of George the Third. It is thought that the fork and the spoon were both known a good deal further back than any of these dates. In fact, specimens were found in a box which was dug up in Wiltshire, England, in which was money dated from A. D. 796 to A. D. 890.

"The probabilities are that the refining influences of an advancing civilization brought about the increasing use of these articles until they became indispensable. They used to be made small enough to stow away in the pocket, and collectors have some ancient specimens that fold like a pocket knife, some of them beautifully wrought and inlaid with gold and silver.

"This is all I have been able to ascertain about these common articles. We know that they were used in Italy in the Fifteenth century, but where they were invented no one seems able to tell, so we shall have to be content with a meagre array of facts. Now, what shall we take next time?"

"Mamma, I *do* want to know about olives," said Bob, looking so longingly at the dish which was still upon the table, that his father laughingly passed it to him, bidding him help himself.

Mrs. Bessamer assented to his eager wish to learn more about olives than the gratification of the taste afforded, and the family adjourned to the library for the evening.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Another Household Pest.

Most housekeepers have, at one time or another, had their souls tried to the utmost by the presence of those pests, cockroaches. They seem to multiply beyond any kind of reckoning, and to resist all efforts to exterminate them, or to drive them away from any place in which they have once obtained a lodgment.

There are three species which torment us in this country. One of them, the "roach," of New England, was born and bred here, but the other two came from over the water. The native is a little over an inch long, with yellow thorax mottled with brown, long and strong wings, flying freely in the open air, and not so common in houses as the others, but frequenting water pipes and sewers. The "black beetle," as the second kind is often called, is somewhat smaller, of a dark brown or almost black in color and less strong in its wings than the first. It swarms in basement kitchens, in the holds of vessels, and in all damp and dirty places everywhere. The only thing that can be said in its favor is that it eats bed bugs, but this remedy is about as bad as the disease. It will, too, act as a sort of scavenger in dark corners, but most people would rather clean them in some other way.

The pest of our houses, however, among cockroaches and the one which does the most damage is the smallest of the three and is generally known as the "croton bug," from the fact that it first made its appearance when the Croton waterworks in New York were completed. It is not more than five-eighths of an inch long, and is much lighter than either of the others, multiplies more rapidly if possible, eats all kinds of food, but is especially fond of bread, so that it sometimes finds itself in the oven baking, probably to its own discomfort and most certainly to the disgust of those who discover it afterward.

The best way to get rid of these pests, so far as the editor can discover, is a free use of borax in their haunts. Mix it with a little white sugar and sprinkle it around, and they eat it and die. I have recently seen the following recipe given, and should think it would be effectual: Thirty-seven parts of borax; nine parts of starch and four of cocoa. Insect powder makes cockroaches stupid, and they can be swept up and destroyed, but it does not kill them outright.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

BUREAU SET.—A very pretty and dainty garnishing for a bureau is a scarf of white dotted muslin lined with silk or silesia, the prevailing color of the room, with a fluted border or one of lace. The pin-cushion cover should be made of the same material.

A new fancy for bureaus is to take an oval wooden tray of medium size, with a rim about an inch and a half wide, slanting outward. Cover this rim with a puff of silk, which may be sewed on the under side to the silesia bottom, then drawn over and made to lie smooth by the drawing string. Have a piece of wadding the size of the bottom, cover this with the silk, turning the edge under, lay it over the raw edges of the puff and tack with long stitches. If desired, this part may be edged with a narrow lace. The tray is to hold the pin-cushion, jewel case, scent bottle, etc., and as it can all be lifted off together when the room is to be swept, it is quite a convenient arrangement.

ROPE BASKET.—Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, so well known to BLADE readers, gives the following description of this little fancy article in her pamphlet about stamping, fabric painting, etc. Get small rope and wind it round and round until a circle the size required for the bottom is obtained. Stitch this firmly together. Then take, say, 12 strands of the rope, divide them into three parts, and braid them into a plain braid; this fastened to the bottom of the basket, forms the sides; then three strands braided form the handle. A graceful knot of the rope, with the ends fringed, covers the side of the basket when the ropes are joined. If desired to be higher, two braids may be sewed one above the other, for the sides. This basket may be gilded in any color gilding desired or left the natural color of the rope.

FANCY APRON WITH DAISIES.—Get dotted swiss with large dots. Make apron desired size; commence in lower left hand corner, work over each dot with yellow wash silk. This makes center of daisy. Draw petals around this with lead pencil; then work (any sketch used in embroidery) in white silk, making it either solid or outlining them. As you begin with one dot in the corner the second row will have two and so on. Fill one corner in this way, leaving the remainder of the apron plain. The daisies may be worked with brown centers and yellow petals. In either case tie apron with yellow ribbon to match center. If this isn't plain I will be very glad to explain.—HELEN.

The above cannot fail to be pretty.—ED.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED INSERTION.—Cast on 23 st. and p back; 1st row— k 2—n—o—n—o—n —k 1—o—k 1—o—n—k 5—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th and 10th rows—p; 3d, 5th, 7th and 9th rows—same as 1st; 11th row—k 2 —n—o—n—o —n—k 5—o—k 1 —o—k 1—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th and 20th rows—p; 13th, 15th, 17th and 19th rows—same as 11th row; repeat from 1st row.—MRS. KATE TREMONT.

PRETTY CROCHETED EDGING.—This is to be made of saxony, and it should be crocheted very loosely: Chain 5 and join in a ring; 1st row—3 d c in r—ch 4—d c in r—ch 3—t; 2d row—5 d c in 4 ch of preceding row—c h 1—1 d c bet each d c of preceding row—making 1 c h bet each d c—c h 3—t; 3d row—1 d c bet each d c of preceding row—making 1 c h bet each d c—c h 3—t; 4th row—Like 3d; 5th row—3 d c bet each d c of preceding row; 6th row—ch 3—fasten on top of 1st d c; this makes a small scallop; make twenty of these;—c h 4—fasten in 3 c h of preceding row; begin at 1st row—3 d c—in 4 c h of preceding row—c h 4—fasten in 2d small scallop.—HATTIE SMITH, Michigan.

Correspondence.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.—The response to the appeal for help for the destitute family, made in last week's BLADE, has been worthy of the King's Daughters. In order to accommodate some who desired to send aid, the box was not sent until to-day. Girls' clothing is most needed now, and contributions of dried fruit, and such groceries as are not perishable, will be most acceptable.

Report of the second meeting of the "Faithful Ten:" "At our second meeting we got through the opening exercises well enough, but when it came to tell of our experience during the month, no one wanted to speak. It seemed so little that we had done that it was hardly worth telling, but after a while the youngest of our number said that all she had done was to try to keep from using 'slang words'—and had put down a mark against her name on a card every time she used any, 'and you just ought to see that card,' said she, 'there isn't room for another mark on it; but I will never stop trying till I can have a clean card for one whole month.' The next one to speak was a girl who has the reddest hair you ever saw and a temper to match it—just fiery. Her work had been to control her speech under the very trying teasing of her brother, and she thought she had succeeded in doing so—a very little. Two of the girls had found their work in reading the daily papers to their grandparents, who could no longer see to read, and were thus deprived of any knowledge of what was going on in the world, although their interest was as great as ever. One of the girls said she was wondering one day if there was no sick person in town to whom she could read, when she remembered that there were those nearer at home who needed that very attention. Both girls found it hard work to read to those whose hearing was so bad, but both felt that it was the duty that lay nearest to them and they accepted it thankfully. No. 5 had given an hour every morning to the care of a canary bird and window garden belonging to a sick neighbor, and another had taken the work of superintending the breakfast and early morning work in order that her mother could have the extra rest. Both of these girls found it hard work to remember every time, but their trials were nothing to that of another who had overcome her life-long habit of not rising in the morning until she had been called, and generally called more than once. No. 8 is a very fine violinist, and frequently comes to our house for practice with me. One evening after we had done, we went to the dining room for a drink of water and were very much surprised to find the stairs leading to the basement kitchen filled with "help" of the immediate neighborhood who had been listening to our music with a very flattering appreciation. This gave us an idea and calling upon the other girls for help, we arranged for a amateur concert every Thursday evening. We had chairs placed in the dining room which opens from the back parlor, and told our cook and house-maid to invite a few of their friends, and we gave them such music as they could understand, and which, if not of a high order of classical music, was appreciated by our audience, who carried with them during the week the memory of the evening, and looked forward with eagerness to the next time when they were to meet. They took great pride in looking well, and behaving well, so that they might not bring discredit upon our efforts to give them pleasure. When our summer vacation came we each kept house for a week at a time for a neighbor, who was thus enabled to make a good long visit in the country with a sick child. We had some strange experiences in our house-keeping, and so, I guess, did the family we helped; but we did the best we could, and were amply repaid when our friend came home with her child perfectly restored to health. This is our experience, and although we have none of us done anything very great, we have done all in His name, and we hope our work will be accepted.—ALICE BOYD, Secretary."

BENEFIT OF THE WONDER COLUMN.—I wonder if all of the mothers who read THE BLADE each week have enjoyed the "Wonder Column" as I have? and if they appreciate fully the good it will do the children? Since the first number, all of the old books of Natural History—the geographies and riddle books that could be found in the house or in the neighborhood, have been read most diligently, and the first question in the morning and the last at night has been: "Have you found the answer to this one? or have you guessed that one?" until all of the questions were answered. In reading to find the particular thing they wished to know, the children have found very many other things that interested them, and as one little girl expressed it, they "never knew that there was so much to know." It has also awakened an interest in watching the habits and peculiarities of the birds and animals about the place, and set their active brains working in the right direction.

Besides the good effect this work has had upon the children, it has been a source of pleasure and interest to the older members of the family, and very often has put us on our mettle to be able to answer the appeals for help from the youngsters, and has taken us back to the time when we were young and enjoyed such things. Now if we could have a department similar to this for the older members of the great BLADE family, where questions of history, science, etc., could be given for us to answer, or a course of readings be marked out for us, and a corner of the HOUSEHOLD be set apart for questions, answers, and correspondence on these subjects, it would be a grand help for us, who would like to read and learn, but who being discouraged by the vast amount that we do *not* know, cannot tell how to make a beginning in this direction. After our summer and fall work is done, we should not so much dread the long winter that is so lonely to us who live far away from neighbors and friends, if we had a common interest with them like this to occupy our leisure time. Let us have the opinion of all about a "BLADE reading circle," and perhaps we can persuade the editor to do as much to help us, as she has for the children in giving them the Wonder Column.—WESTERN MOTHER.

Inquiries.

Will some kind reader of the dear old BLADE send directions for painting a stork in Kensington painting?—A READER.

Will some reader give directions for preserving fruit, vegetables and meats on what is known as the California process?—A READER, Craig, Mo.

I would like to know what is a good mixture to dye a white straw hat black. One I tried, but when it came to be in the sun it cracked off—and that was shoe polish.—CHARLIE HENDERSON.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please send a cure for consumption, one that they know to have cured that disease?—WILLOW.

I should like to hear through the HOUSEHOLD what some of the readers think of gentlemen correspondents.—SEVENTEEN, Michigan.

Will the editor and readers of the HOUSEHOLD offer suggestions as to what will be an appropriate in the celebration of a golden wedding? Something rather simple and in no way elaborate, where about 25 or 30 guests are to be entertained. Any ideas in regard to refreshments, decoration and entertainment will be gratefully received.—MINNESOTA.

You do not say whether it is to be an evening entertainment or not. That would make a difference in the arrangements. For either evening or afternoon, however, the decorations are pretty in yellow. Use yellow flowers, yellow ribbons, scarfs, etc. Your refreshments need not be different from what you would serve at an ordinary entertainment, including that number of persons, only have a bride's cake, and let the dear bride of 50 years ago cut the first piece. Should you desire any more particular advice in regard to menu, etc., write and tell the season, hour and all particulars.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some one wishes to know about "Wimodaughtis," what it means and what the organization to which the name is applied. The word is of Indian birth, signifying "woman in all her relations." It is applied to a woman's club in Washington, which is to have a fine house as a home, including a big auditorium, libraries, reading rooms, reception rooms, art galleries, a bowling alley, a billiard room, a gymnasium, everything in short for comfort and enjoyment. Its particular object is the education of women in political science, in art, literature and physical culture. It is to be headquarters and meeting place for all of the national associations of women literary, social and benevolent. In short it is to be something for women to be proud of, if its objects are carried out with any approach to faithfulness.—ED.

Beth: Cards announcing the marriage are often sent to friends, when the wedding was a private one, without guests. A plain cream white nearly square card, or a sheet of heavy paper that is just large enough to be folded once to go into the envelope may be used. The following is a good form:

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Marquis announce the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Mr. Harold Gray, on Wednesday, August 12, at Pittsfield, Mass.

Upon the lower left hand corner the new address of the bride may be placed.

Answers to the other questions will be given next week.—ED.

Is it considered "good manners" to address a person, especially an elderly one, with "hello?"—SCHOOL GIRL.

Decidedly not.—ED.

"Questioner:" The answer to your first inquiry was given in a recent number of THE BLADE.

Say, "I should be happy to see you at my home."—ED.

If Mrs. J. R., who asks in THE BLADE of August 2 for information regarding a trip to California, will write me perhaps I could aid her, as I recently visited that land of climate, high prices, flowers and alkali sand.—M. A. HOWARD.

We are sorry, but addresses are not now given in the HOUSEHOLD, unless under exceptional circumstances. Can you not write so that all of the members may have the benefit of your experience as well as Mrs. J. R.?—ED.

Recipes.

DELICATE PUDDING.—Boil one quart of sweet milk in a custard kettle. Stir into it four heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch, dissolved in a little cold milk and added to the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Have the four whites beaten to a stiff froth with a teacupful of pulverized sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla; spread this on top of the pudding; set in a quick oven to brown; take out, sprinkle with grated cocoanut, set away to cool. Very nice with strawberries, raspberries, oranges or peaches in the bottom of the pudding. Serve with cream.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Five tablespoonfuls tapioca, soaked over night in 1 qt. new milk. In the morning bring to a boil, then add 1 tumblerful of rich cream, ½ tumblerful of wine, 4 eggs beaten separately, sugar and flavor to taste; bake 15 or 20 minutes. Serve cold with cream.

TAPIOCA ICE.—One cupful pearl tapioca soaked in cold water over night; in the morning boil in water in a double kettle until clear and soft; add 1 cupful white sugar and a little salt. Chop a ripe pineapple (after it is peeled) and put it in a deep dish and pour the tapioca over it boiling hot. Stir and pour it into a mold. When cold, turn out and serve with cream and sugar.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Eight tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked three hours (or over night) in cold water. In the morning add one quart of milk and five eggs well beaten (leaving out the whites of two). Bake in a moderate oven over three-quarters of an hour. Beat the two whites and add three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, and frost. Set in the oven ten minutes to dry.

ANOTHER TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak three heaping tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca in cold milk one hour. Take one quart of milk, add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, place in a double kettle and let it come to a boil. Add the tapioca and cook three-quarters of an hour. Beat the yelks of four eggs and stir in the tapioca with one cupful of sugar. Stir well and cook ten minutes longer; pour in a pudding dish and set away to cool. When partly cool add one teaspoonful of vanilla. When cold and ready to use beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth; whip half a pint of cream, add three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla; mix all together and pour over the pudding. This pudding is just as good the next day, but it is better not to make the frosting until you are ready to use it.

A Harrowing Tale.

The Vassar Graduate—What are you reading, Tom?

Tom—Hood's poems.

The Vassar Graduate—Which do you like better, "The Bridge of Sighs" or "The Tale of the Shirt?"—[Racket.

SYMPOSIUM.

WOMEN WORKERS VS. "OPERATOR."

What They Have to Say in Reply to His Complaint—Women Have the Same Right as Men to Order Their Lives.

Let women receive equal wages with men, and the competition will be equal, and then whoever gets "crowded to the wall," will only illustrate "the survival of the fittest." "Operator" says "the entire system of woman hire should be abolished as an evil." Probably if he were an employer he would be only too glad to avail himself of the opportunity to hire women at reduced salaries. It is also possible that if he were the head of a family of five or six grown up daughters, who could not do anything but "be supported," he would entertain different views on the subject.

But there is one field of action wherein young men can find free and full scope for all their powers, and no woman dare hope to be a competitor, even at a lower salary. I allude to the field of politics. There the youngman, if he is not too heavy, can "merely let go of his cane, and float right up." When he reaches the top of the ladder, there will be no women there to crowd him, and when he gets to making laws, he can abolish the whole class of American working girls, so that the dear delightful young men can have a "monopoly of all light, pleasant labor" themselves. The wise and learned men of our land have decreed that women are not eligible to vote, nor to hold office, but they are considered eligible to pay their share of taxes, just the same, in order that the great government and the offices and officers pertaining thereto, may be kept going.—IVORY.

It fairly made my blood boil when "Operator," speaking of the men in regard to women's low pay, said "she had driven him to accept her low wages." You have acknowledged that she does the same work as a man. Why then should she receive lower wages? Do you think a woman can live on less than a man? I don't. It will take just as much to board me a week as it will a man. I am a girl, but I am full grown. It takes more during the year to clothe me than it does my brother next older, and my wardrobe is only what is considered respectable. Give us men's wages when we do men's work, and that will not drive men to "women's lower wages," and they will have more to make home happy.—SIS.

"Operator" says, "no man can keep a family on a shop girl's salary." We very often see a woman keep a family, man and all, on less than a shop girl's salary, and the man is willing to let her; and, again, how many women are left widows with a large family to support, when if they have no trade to fall back on, their only resort is the wash tub.

What are we going to do with our bright and intelligent young men? I don't see as we need to do anything with them. If they have talent and character as he says, that is all that is required; let them make a start and do for themselves, as the girls are doing, and not grumble and say the women are in their road. If they are so much smarter than the girls let them go ahead and prove it, and not stop to complain.—AUNT SOPHY.

The honorable gentleman says: "The independent position of the American girl fosters celibacy." Never! It only places her in a position where she can demand of him who seeks her hand, a heart as pure, as tender, as true as her own; and fits her to appreciate and to be worthy of a noble personality—the image of his Maker.—ONE OF THOSE GIRLS.

If God had intended that all women should marry and be supported, I think He would have made a better and thriftier class of men than now inhabit the earth; and if, as "Operator" so beautifully concludes, "We would have success in its highest acknowledged state to abide and bless the inmates of the home," let only those marry who do so because of the holy affection they bear one another, and grant to her less fortunate sisters at least the occupation of their choice.—ANTI-CRANKS.

I do not particularly care to "take sides" with "Operator;" in fact, I cannot agree with all he says, yet I would say to the girl contemplating making her way, consider well before you begin.

In the first place, if your father is able to support you, by all means let him do it. You can give him "value received" for every cent so expended, and it is your duty to do so. So far as lies in your power, take the care of the house from your mother; mind, I say the care—not only the work, but the responsibility as well. How often have I heard mothers say, "Oh, the girls help me all they can; they do all the hard work, but it is the looking after the little things—the responsibility, that is wearing me out." Don't let this happen, girls. With a little care and thoughtfulness you can soon learn to do the planning for the family—to remember where you have seen some of the numerous articles which are always being misplaced, and which "mother" is always called upon to locate when wanted—to keep the household machinery well oiled and so prevent friction. You can wait upon father and mother; you can help father with his accounts, and even with his correspondence; you can make home more homelike and comfortable; you can be the family sunshine. There are few homes in which a loving daughter cannot do much to lighten care.

On the other hand, if your parents are in straitened circumstances; if there are so many girls in the family that the work of one pair of hands would not be missed; if you feel it your duty to be self-supporting or to help support the family, then do "whatsoever your hands find to do," and may all honor be yours for so doing. I have supported myself for eight years, and there is much to be said on both sides of the question. I think I have succeeded in my undertaking as well as most people would, yet I would repeat my advice: Don't begin it unless necessary, but above all, girls, don't marry for the sake of a home.—RARA AVIS.

"Three cheers and a tiger" for the "Owl Maids," and some that's not "Owl Maids," for so nobly defending themselves against that ignoramus, "Operator." But hold your own, girls, and don't for pity's sake marry "any penny paper collar" "clothespin that comes along."—KANSAS CYCLONE.

I understand "Operator" to say that we ought to toil from morn till night in the kitchen for a dollar or two a week, when we can make ten or twelve dollars a week just as easy, so that the men may not be crowded out or forced to accept lower wages.

Isn't it a fact that anyone who wishes to hire help always selects the most competent one (sex disregarded) he can find? And if women are occupying the men's positions it seems to prove that they are better qualified. A person well fitted for any field can always command a good position.

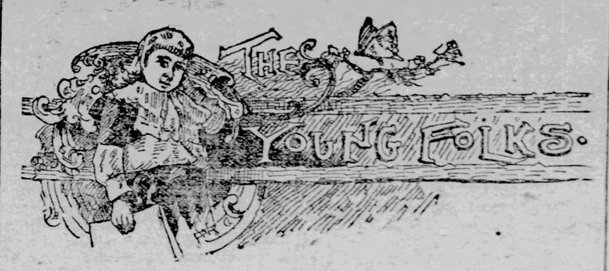
I am proud that America's women (as a rule) have pluck enough to look to their own interests.

Indeed, it is true that a home where love reigns supreme is more to be in possession of than the best position anywhere, and I do not doubt but that every girl would exchange her position gladly for one who really and truly loves her. But so long as the right one does not call around, you will still find us pushing our way onward in all the fields of labor where our strength will permit.—HOOSIER GIRL.

The above closes the symposium upon the subject of "Women Workers vs. Operator." We do not see that there can be any thing more said to make the position stronger, or to show more decidedly the prevailing sentiment among the women of the HOUSEHOLD. A letter just received from one who sympathizes with "Operator" brings up another phase of the subject which will soon be submitted for consideration, and the editor trusts that opinions will be expressed freely and emphatically. These practical questions are worth talking about.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

NEWTON, KAN.	Radie Hoover,
D. Pearl Frase,	Perie Hart,
DUNAVANT, KAN.	Ethel Ammon,
Jennie E. Graham,	Lizzie Reynolds,
Adah M. Graham,	James Reynolds,
Clarence C. Martin.	Sara Reynolds,
LONG BRANCH, ILL.	Charley Kenby,
Henry Hale,	Willie Cock,
Charles H. Irvin,	George Springer,
William Cantrell,	Tillie Reynolds,
Lillian Coffey,	Wallace A. Hart,
Arthur Hargrave,	William Hair,
George T. Pratt.	Arthur Baird,
COAL CREEK, IOWA.	Thomas Wright,
Vesta E. Coulson,	Charlie Wright,
Eddie C. Coulson,	Joseph Baird,
Charlie C. Coulson.	Norman Watkins,
BROWNSVILLE, PA.	Charlie Herd,
Henry G. Hormell,	Charlotte Barnes,
Ollie K. Martin,	Maggie Barnes,
Howard Crawford,	Gertie Hormell,
George Reynolds,	Lawrence Hart,
Sol. G. Kreps,	Sara Ghrist,
Ike B. Kreps,	Charlie Byland,
James S. Miller,	W. Leamon,
Archie Springer,	Harry Griggs,
Nellie Cock,	Mordica Kidney,
Charlie Nelan,	Clarance Allison,
Clarkie Watkins,	Harry Doak,
Allen Carmack,	Clarence Norcross,
Charlie Allison,	Charlie Mitchell,
Ollie Carmack,	Willie P. Buffington,
Otis Crawford,	Ernest R. Buffington,
John McDonald,	Willie C. Cox,
Charlie DeLaney,	Earl Mason,
John Barnes,	Willard A. Griffin.
Freda Springer,	

Names this week, 68. Total, 29,868.

The above embraces all names received up to September 1.

Birds and Boys.

Down in the meadow the little brown thrushes
Build them a nest in the barberry bushes;
And when it is finished all cozy and neat,
Three speckled eggs make the pleasure complete.

"Twit-ter-ee twitter!" they chirp to each other,
"Building a nest is no end of bother;
But oh, when our dear little birdies we see,
How happy we'll be! how happy we'll be!"

Up at the cottage where children are growing,
The young mother patiently sits at her sewing,
It's something to work for small hobbledehoys
That will tear their trousers and make such a noise;

"And one must admit," said the dear little mother,
"That bringing up boys is no end of bother;
But oh, when they kiss me, and climb on my knee,
It's sweetness for me! it's sweetness for me!"
—[St. Nicholas.

The Four Fire-Buckets.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

HOW many of you ever saw the old-fashioned fire-buckets, tall and black, with the owners' names printed on the outside in white paint? They may be in use even now in small towns where there are no fire engines; but it is a long time since I have seen them, though when I was a girl every house I knew had its two buckets put in plain sight in the front hall or entry, ready in case of fire.

We lived in the west part of a double house, and a family by the name of Fellows lived in the east part. Our front doors were side by side, opening into the same piazza, and our gardens behind the house were not divided, so it was easy for Lotty Fellows and me to play together, and to have long talks while weeding our mothers' flower-beds. My mother had wallflowers, gillyflowers, London-pride, Canterbury bells, a rose-bush, and pink pinks, and Lotty's mother had white pinks, petunias, bergamot, blue myrtle, lilies of the valley, and borders of a coral-shaped moss which blossomed yellow. In our kitchen window stood a rose-

WE COMFORTED HER.

geranium, and in Mrs. Fellows' kitchen window a musk-plant, which had very old flowers mottled with red. Lotty called them "monkey-flowers."

I slept in the hall-bedroom upstairs, and Lotty slept in the corresponding room on the other side, so there was only the wall and an unused door between us at night. The door was locked and the key lost, but we could talk through the keyhole, and we arranged that when either of us had anything important to say, she should knock on the door three times to call the other's attention.

In each of our front halls there stood on a shelf by the stairway the two tall black fire-buckets bearing the family name, and whenever the bells rang for fire, father and Mr. Fellows would catch them up, and run to help throw on water. But the people were so careful that fires were very uncommon things, and the buckets remained undisturbed for months at a time.

Lotty and I were fond of wild-flowers, and in spring we used to dig up the plants while in blossom and bring home great quantities to set out in our own yard. Our mothers objected to having their flower-beds crowded, so we took any corner we could find for our violets and columbines, and pussy-paws and anemones.

One day we had a beautiful time over in a pasture near the woods. We filled our baskets with great plants, having plenty of earth at the bottom and plenty of flowers at the top. They were almost all red and yellow columbines. "Where shall we set them out?" Lotty asked, as we tugged our heavy loads home.

"Oh, somewhere!" I replied with a happy carelessness, though I knew as well as she did that every foot of ground at our disposal was already full of violets and spring beauties. We carried our nodding columbines straight to the yard to find a place for them to grow. Mrs. Fellows had come over to see my mother and they were too busy to notice us as long as they knew we were safe and close at hand.

"I shall set mine out in a flower-pot or a pail," said Lotty, "and then I can move them into the sun or shade whenever I choose."

That was a good plan, and we began to hunt about in our cellars and garrets, but not one empty flower-pot could we find, nor a pail that we dared take. "There's my mother's pudding pail," I said, "but she uses it every Saturday."

"And there's my mother's small tub," said Lotty, "but she uses it every Monday."

"I know!" I exclaimed suddenly, "the fire buckets in the hall! They never are wanted, they are no use at all!"

"Just the thing!" said Lotty, and we each ran to get them. I pulled our two buckets down from the shelf. They looked clean and neat, with father's name "Belton" in large white letters outside. Lotty met me with the pair marked "Fellows" at the back door, and we soon had the four filled with earth, crowded with columbines, well watered, and placed out by the currant bushes in the shade to get rooted.

We did not see each other again that day, and I was so tired that I was ready to go to bed early after supper. I listened a moment at the key-hole, but did not hear any sound in Lotty's room, and then I dropped asleep. When I awoke again I could not tell whether it had been hours or minutes that I had lain there, and I was too bewildered to realize anything but that the church bells were all ringing loudly together with a wild clangor that made me tremble. Then I heard people running along the street, and many screaming at the top of their voices: "Fire! fire!"

My brother Ed came rushing down the stairs from his room above mine, and the front door banged after him as he went out. Then he too ran down the street shouting "Fire! fire!" I heard father moving in his room, then going downstairs, and calling loudly back to mother, but I did not make out the words. Mother answered in a high, nervous voice:

"I don't know. I'm sure I don't know! Maybe Ed took them!"

Then father rushed out as Ed had done. I called to mother to know where the fire was, but she had shut her door and did not hear me. It had been very dark in my room, but now a strange illumination spread over the sky.

"It's a dreadful fire!" I thought, trying to see it from my window, but I could only conclude that it was not on our street, nor very near us indeed, though the light filled my room. Suddenly there came three raps on the door right by my head, and I remembered that Lotty was close by.

"Are you frightened, Maidie?" she asked. "Do you suppose it will reach our house?"

"I don't know," I said. "Father and Ed have gone where it is."

"So has my father, and, oh, Maidie! I heard him scolding dreadfully before he went, and he ran up and downstairs ever so many times. Mother was crying, and running around too, and finally they both went off to the fire. I think I heard your mother come in and go with them."

"Then we are all alone?" I exclaimed; and oh! how I did wish I could open the door and get into bed with Lotty—it seemed so frightful to be alone in the house, with such din and excitement outside.

"It's getting worse," said Lotty, "I see more light."

"I hope they can put it out soon!" I said. "If everybody throws on water, it will keep putting some of it out."

"Throw on water!" exclaimed Lotty in a changed voice. "O, Maidie! those buckets, those buckets!"

I was struck dumb for a minute; it was the first I had thought of the buckets. They were what my father shouted about, and they were what Mr. Fellows ran angrily up and downstairs to find. What a wicked thing we had done! Maybe there would not be enough buckets of water now to quench the fire, and it might spread, and burn up house after house, and people, too.

I lay there in a cold shiver, and heard Lotty crying and sobbing the other side of the door.

"Let us get up and dress, and take the buckets to the men!" I said at last, in a sudden fervor. "It is all we can do, and maybe it will help save one house."

"Well!" sobbed Lotty, and we both sprang out of bed, and dressed hastily by the light of the conflagration.

"I'm ready to go down in the yard," I said as I pulled on my shoes.

"So am I," said Lotty, and when I had groped my way carefully down the stairs, there she was at the back door. We could see around the yard quite plainly, and when we reached the currant-bushes, there were our pretty clumps of columbine, fresh and dewy, ready to greet us from the four buckets. We tipped them all out in a heap and ran to the street, each of us with a bucket in each hand. There was no one hurrying by now, everybody was already at the fire, but we could find our way by the light and the shouts.

"Oh! it's the tannery," cried Lotty as we turned a corner. Such a sight! The long, low building blazing from end to end, with showers of sparks surmounting the flames and falling all around like stars. Some of them flew almost to our feet. The men had formed lines from the building to the brook, and were passing buckets from hand to hand as

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Pension Questions.

W. H. S., Fentone, Kan.: Write the facts to the secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

J. P. W.: "When was the pension law, passed for Mexican war soldiers?"

January 887, late.

A. J. N., Spokane Falls, Wash.: "It is reported here that the treasury funds will fall short several million dollars in consequence of the pension law; is it correct?"

No; there is no danger of that.

W. A. M., Upper St. Clair, Pa.: "Can a married man 70 years of age, who gave one son to serve three years in defense of his country, and this son dying after the war left a widow (childless) who married shortly after her mother's death, can his mother receive a pension under the new law?"

No.

J. B. F., Independence, W. Va.: "An aged and infirm couuple, with but little means, lost two unmarried sons in the service. Both starved in Andersonville. The mother receives a pension for one of the boys. Can the father be pensioned for the other son, under the act of June 27, 1890?"

Yes.

J. W., Clarksdale, Mo.: "When a pension claim goes to a board of review is it ever allowed after that—or what does said board have to do with a claim? Who composes said board? and how far are they behind with their work? Please tell all you can about said board of review."

Said board reviews the case, and recommends its admission or rejection. They are nearly up with their work.

Subscriber, Ifeda, Ind.: "My father served one year in the war, and had an honorable discharge, but neither father nor mother ever received a pension. They are both dead, and I am an orphan and an invalid to such a degree as to render me unable to earn my own support, am dependent. Am I entitled to a pension?"

We have handed your letter to a reliable agent, who will write you.

A. E. B., Tullahoma, Tenn.: "I have had sent me a blank to fill out for increase of pension. The interrogatories I can answer with one exception, which is this: 'What number, if any, was given to the claim by the pension agency?' I cannot find such a No. Please inform me what course to pursue to obtain it."

You need not fill it out. Send the blank back with that unanswered.

J. B. C., Montpelier, O.: "Will an application for pension under the disability law, filled out on a blank under the former pension law be considered, or will I have to use the new blank? I sent one of the old blanks, will that go on file, or will I have to fill out a new blank?"

If you want a pension under act of June 27, 1890, you must file a claim on one of the new blanks. Don't let that old blank of the former filing, but file a new application immediately.

A. C. M., Levisay, W. Va.: "My grandmother is a widow of the war of 1812. Her husband lost his discharge, and died several years ago. She has applied to get a pension from not knowing his regiment and officers. Would you be kind enough to give the best way to get the names of his officers?"

Write to the commissioner of the land office, Washington, D. C., and ask him to furnish you the number of the land warrant given your grandfather, giving his name and the state from which he served.

"Jersey," Millville, N. J.: "My husband enlisted in Co. A, 9th N. Y. vols., in September, 1861, served 18 months, contracted typhoid fever, was discharged for disability, died in 1870 of consumption, brought on undoubtedly by exposure and hardship in the service. Between the time of his discharge and death he married me, and there was one child born to us, since dead, and I have married again. Three or four years ago I made application on a pension claim, through a pension agent at Trenton; sent him my husband's discharge and money; kept sending money until I had no more to send him. Since then I cannot get the discharge from him nor any satisfaction. Now for my questions:

1.—Does my second marriage bar me from getting a pension? (During my widowhood I supported myself by my own labor.)

2.—Having no discharge, will that bar me? and if not, how shall I apply?

3.—Is there any way to make this pension agent give me back my discharge?

4.—Can I get this pension myself without putting it in the hands of an agent?

5.—What kind of a pension am I entitled to—that is, when I apply what shall I apply for? Please answer through THE BLADE."

No. 1.—If your husband's pension will stop at re-marriage. 2.—No. 3.—Yes. 4.—Yes. Complete the pending claim.

Democratic Land Grants.

C. A., Hickory Grove, Ky., writes: "The Democrats here in this democratic county party has never ceded any of the public domain to railroad corporations. I tell them it has. Tell us through the Bureau if I am right; also, the number of acres ceded to each railroad prior to March 4, 1861, with name of road.

You are right. Here is a list of such grants, made by Democratic Congresses, and the act signed by a Democratic President, from Spofford's American Almanac for 1890, page 362, compiled from reports of the Commissioner of the General Land Office:

State.	Date of Act.	Name of Road.	Acres in Grant.
Illinois	Sept. 20, '50	Illinois Central	2,595,053
"	"	Mobile & Ohio	
Mississippi	"	Mobile & O. Riv	1,004,610
"	Aug. 11, '56	Vicks. & Meridian	404,800
Alabama	Sept. 20, '50	Mobile & O. Riv	246,400
"	May 15, '56	Alabama & Flo	419,520
"	June 3, '56	Selma, R. & Dalton	483,920
"	"	Coosa & Tennessee	154,880
"	"	Mobile & Girard	246,400
"	"	Ala. & Chattano'ga	887,930
"	"	South & North Ala	576,000
Florida	May 17, '56	Florida Railroad	442,842
"	"	Atlantic	246,400
"	"	Pensacola & Ga	1,568,729
"	"	Fla., Atlan. & G. C	185,155
Louisiana	June 3, '56	New Orl. La. & Tex	666,980
"	"	N. Or., Opc. & G. W	966,840
Arkansas	Feb. 9, '53	St. L., Iron Mt. & S	1,160,597
"	"	"	1,040,000
"	"	Mem. & Little R	458 346
"	"	"	556,529
"	"	Lit. R. & Ft. Smith	550,529
"	"	"	458,711
Missouri	June 10, '52	Han'bal & St. Jo	781,944
"	"	Pac. & S. W. Br'ch	1,161,553
"	"	"	219,262
"	Feb. 9, '53	St. L., Iron Mt. & S	182,718
Iowa	May 15, '56	Burl. & Mo. River	948,643
"	"	Chi., R. I. & Pac	1,261,181
"	"	Cedar R. & Mo. Riv	1,226,530
"	"	Ia. F'ls & Sioux City	1,226,163
"	"	Des Moines Val'y	669,382
Michigan	June 3, '56	Flint & P. Marq'tte	813,884
"	"	Jack., Lans. & Sag	1,052,469
"	"	F. & Pere Marq't	586,878
"	"	Grand Rap. & Ind	628,182
"	"	"	531,200
"	"	M., H. & Ontario	552,515
Wisconsin	"	Chi., St. P. & Min	999,083
"	"	"	554,714
"	"	St. Croix & L. Superior branch to Bayfield	318,737
"	"	"	350,000
"	"	Chicago & N. West	215,000
"	"	"	600,000
"	"	Wis. R. R. Farm Mortgage Land Company	163,119
Minnesota	Mch. 3, '57	St. Paul & Pacific	1,748,638
"	"	Western R. R	1,475,000
"	"	Minnesota Cen	655,463
"	"	Winona & St. Peter	1,410,000
"	"	St. Paul & Sioux City	1,010,000
"	"	Southern Min	86,336

About Greenbacks.

E. E. D., Wahoo, Neb., asks: 1.—"Please state why the first $60,000,000 of greenback money did not depreciate? 2.—Why the exception clause was placed on after that time?"

1.—Your first question is either not clearly put, or else you are not minutely posted as to the history of government paper money issues in the early years of the war, as distinguished from "greenbacks." The commencement of the secession movement, in November, 1860, caused hard times, and a paralysis of business, under which the government's revenues rapidly declined. By December 17, 1860, it became necessary to pass a law authorizing the issue of $10,000,000 of one-year treasury notes, bearing 6 and 12 per cent interest, to pay current expenses. By act of March 2, 1861 (two days before Lincoln's inauguration) $22,468,000 two year notes and $12,832,350 sixty-day treasury notes were provided for. On July 17, $180,998,750 of three-year notes, bearing 7.3 per cent interest, were authorized. The act of August 5, 1861, provided for $50,000,000 of demand notes. This was increased by $100,000,000 by act of February 12, 1862. None of the above issues were greenbacks because none of them were made legal tender. We know the orators of the greenback party and others always assert that a portion of the demand notes, act of August 5, 1861, were "greenbacks," but they were not, nor were they ever so classified by the government itself. They were simply notes, payable on demand, and the law authorizing them did not make them legal tender.

The first greenbacks—legal tender notes—were issued under the act of February 25, 1862. These were made a legal tender for all debts, public or private, except for duties upon imports, and for interest upon bonds and notes wherein it was provided it should be paid in coin. Of this $150,000,000 the issue of $150,000,000 was authorized. On July 11, $150,000,000 more were authorized. By these acts and those of January 17 and March 3, 1863, $400,000,000 were authorized, and $346,681,016 actually issued. Now to answer your questions:

1.—Gold went to a premium early in January, 1861, and *all* the paper issues of the government depreciated. 2.—The exceptions were placed on at the instance of the bondholders. The duties on imports were excepted, and made payable in gold, in order to give us funds to meet the interest on our bonds, large quantities of which were held in Europe, and which payable, by the terms of the bonds themselves, were made payable in gold. Our paper money was worthless then in Europe. The exception of interest upon bonds and notes wherein it was provided it should be paid in coin, applied to the same case.

Josephus's Reference to Christ.

H. E. S., Oak Valley, Kan., writes: "What are Flavius Josephus's exact words about Christ, and where found? Is it considered by any theological historian to be an interpolation not to be found in the original text? Also, do infidel historians claim it to be an interpolation?"

The passage is in Josephus's "Antiquities of the Jews," Book xviii, chapter 3, and is as follows:

"Now, there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was [the] Christ. And when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at first did not forsake him; for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other things concerning him. And the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day."

There is not enough real importance in the matter to go into a full discussion of its truth or spuriousness. The fact of the interpolation of passages in MSS. of historians and others to bolster a doctrine or for some similar thing, is well known. Even the MSS. of the New Testament books often contained them. We presume it will always remain an unsettled question whether the above was written by Josephus himself or a later writer.

Congress Under the New Census.

W. H. T., Seymour, Mo., asks: "If the census of 1890 shall show an increase sufficient in some or all of the states, would it increase the members in Congress? Please explain."

When the Census Bureau officially reports the population of all the states to Congress, it is the duty of Congress to fix the number of Representatives in Congress, and the ratio. The following table gives the number of members of the House, and the ratio—that is, the number of people to one Representative, since the first taken:

Census of	Representatives in Congress.	Inhabitants to one Rep.
1790	105	33,000
1800	141	33,000
1810	181	35,000
1820	213	40,000
1830	240	47,000
1840	223	70,680
1850	233	93,423
1860	242	127,840
1870	292	131,425
1880	325	151,912

That is, Congress will decide, first, how many Representatives there shall be; second, the total population of the country, divided by this, will give the number of inhabitants to one Representative; third, the total population of a state, divided by this last number, will give the number of Representatives to which the state is entitled. All this will be embodied in a law which Congress will pass.

The Site of the Temple.

S. R., who sends no address, as he should do, asks: "Why was that King David for the purchase of the same threshing-floor paid such a difference of price as recorded in 2nd Samuel, xxiv, 24, and 1st Chronicles, xxi, 25?"

The first reference says David paid 50 shekels of silver for the threshing-floor and oxen of Araunah the Jebusite. The second passage, referring to the same sale, says he paid 600 shekels of gold. This passage in Chronicles is the only one where, prior to the Babylonish captivity, shekels of gold are mentioned as a sum of money; every where else, prior to that time, it is used to signify a weight. The shekel (weight) was about ½ ounce avoirdupois. The gold shekel (coin) was worth about $4. The 50 shekels of silver were worth about $30; the 600 gold shekels, about $2,400. As the threshing-floor was a rocky hilltop, unfit for cultivation, and only about 600 feet square (that being the outer dimensions of Solomon's Temple, built on the spot), the probability is that the amount in Samuel is correct; and that in Chronicles an error. The books of Chronicles were written much later than the books of Samuel, and this is another indication that the latter are to take above is correct; $2,400 would have been a preposterous price for the hilltop at that day, as there was no city then; Jebus was a little stronghold on Mount Zion, and Mount Moriah was a barren piece of ground, outside it.

Silver Coinage.

C. P., Princeton, Ky., asks: "How much silver was allowed to be coined each year before the new silver bill was passed, and under what conditions was it coined? Also, does the new bill do away with all law previously applying to silver?"

The Bland silver law required the coinage of not less than two million dollars' worth of silver bullion per month, and not more than four millions' worth. That law is repealed by the new silver bill, except that the coinage of silver dollars is to continue under the old law for one year from the passage of the present law. We published the new law in full when it was passed. Why did you not read it?

2. We gave in the Bureau, a few weeks ago, a full account of national banking. Refer to it.

"Bourbon" Democrats.

C. P., Princeton, Ky., asks: "How did the Democrats get to be called 'Bourbons?'"

The Bourbons were the reigning kings of France. They were a stubborn, conceited race, impressed with an overwhelming sense of their own importance. One historian, in speaking of the family's traits, declares: "They never learned anything new and they forgot nothing"—that is, they were non-progressive, never noting the changing conditions of national life, and clinging stupidly to old ideas. From the fact that this same thing is characteristic of the Democrats, they are nicknamed "Bourbons."

A. M. and P. M.

W. P., Amsville, Ore., writes: "To indicate the time of day we say a. m. and p. m.; m. is meridian or noon. What would be the proper way to indicate the hour of midnight, and any time between midnight and one o'clock?"

To distinguish 12 noon from 12 midnight, the former is written 12 m. and the latter 12 p. m. Any time between midnight and 1 o'clock is written a. m., thus, 12:10 a. m., means 10 minutes after midnight.

Impeachment.

W. H. F., Newell, Iowa., asks: "Was President Johnson impeached, or simply tried for impeachment? What does the word 'impeach' mean?"

Why did you not look into a dictionary for the meaning of "impeach," and thus answer your own question? To impeach is to formally accuse an official of improper conduct in office. President Johnson was impeached—that is, a formal legal charge was brought against him; he was tried, not "for impeachment," but on the charges, and acquitted.

Short Replies.

N. C., Pleasant Plain, Iowa: See reply to S. T. S., Middlepoint, O. No answers by mail.

P. A. S., Lansing, Mich.: We don't know where it is located. Please read Rules 2 and 5.

Constant Reader, Ellinwood, Kan.: Consult some competent musician. We do not know.

S. T. S., Middlepoint, O.: Read Rule 2. Never ask us who publishes a book; go to a bookseller.

W. H. R., Crawford's Corners: We have already published "The Drummer Boy" in "Old War Songs."

W. C. S., Hardesty, Ind. Ty.: We are unable to answer. Consult the Register of the General Land Office.

J. A. S., New Hebron, Ill.: We know nothing of the person about whom you inquire; never heard of him before.

M. O., Ashley, N. D.: Gallium is a newly-discovered metal. It is not "composed of" anything, as it is an element.

W. F. M., Peone, Wash.: 1. We do not know the location of the forfeited Northern Pacific lands. 2. We do not know.

F. F. K., Ottawa, Kan.: The best way to obtain the poem is to purchase a copy of Pollok's works, which any bookseller will order for you.

W. W. R., Kirby, Pa.: Obtain some cheap handbook on photography containing directions for making blue prints. Any photographer can tell you where to get one.

S. M., Austin, Nev.: The poem, "Hostler Joe," is published in several of the cheap books of recitations, which any bookseller will order for you. We can not publish it.

N. F. J., Isadora, Iowa: There are several insane asylums in the United States, but we can not give you their locations. In all, payment is required for treatment, board, etc.

J. B. R., Butler, Mo.: We presume the election of a congressional delegate in Oklahoma will occur in November, at the same time as the Congressional elections in most of the other states.

L. B., Stilwell, O.: It is idle to speculate what would be the result if an irresistible force would come in contact with an impenetrable and immovable body, because such a thing is impossible.

E. D. B.: The National Guard in every state is created by state law, controlled by the state, and paid by the state. Ask some lawyer who has a copy of your state laws to allow you to read the sections referring to the National Guard.

C. V., Winona, O., says that J. W., of Bridgeport, O., who had a query in the department of Aug. 14, can find the information sought for concerning emancipation, etc., in "Greeley's American Conflict," vol. ii, pages 259 to 266. Thanks to C. V.

S. and H., Green Spring, O.: We know nothing of the company you mention. Write to some one in whom you have confidence in that city to ascertain what you want to know. Don't write to the newspapers, for they will not answer such a question.

J. P. T., Hull Prairie, O.: We know nothing of the matter mentioned in question. Write to Hon. Jared L. Rathbone, U. S. Consul General, Paris, France. He may possibly take enough interest to answer your query, though it is not in the line of his official duties.

Susan's Papa Talks.

"George," said the railroad magnate, "we all think a great deal of you, and we like to have you visit Susan every night when you can. We like to have you stay as late as convenient, too, but sometimes when it gets to be 2 o'clock, and you still decline to break away, I wish you had been fitted out like my new locomotives—with an improved spark arrester."—[New York Herald.

Accounted For.

"Living in the country now?

"Yes."

"Don't you miss the noise and bustle of the city?"

"No. I have two children.—[Epoch.

Talmage's Sermon.

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

The Preacher Draws Some Eloquent Practical Lessons from This Incident of Babylonian History.

WACO, Tex., Aug. 31.—Dr. Talmage to-day delivered the following discourse on the text: "Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions." Daniel vi. 16.

Darius was king of Babylon, and the man Daniel was so much a favorite with him that he made him Prime Minister or Secretary of State. But no man could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of this young man. Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The taller the cedar, the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning.

These demagogues asked the king to make a decree that anybody that made a petition to any one except the king within thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting any foul play, makes that decree. The demagogues have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from sending petitions before God for thirty days.

So far from being afraid, Daniel goes on with his supplications three times a day, and is found on his housetop making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Rough executioners of the law seize him and hasten him to the cavern. I hear the growl of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they put their mouths to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellowing. I see their eyes roll, and I almost hear the fiery eyeballs snap in the darkness. These monsters approach Daniel. They have an appetite keen with hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters. They fawn around him, they lick his hand, they bury his feet in their long mane. That night he has calm sleep with his head pillowed on

The Wavy Necks of the Tamed Lions.

But not so well does Darius, the king, sleep. He loves Daniel, and hates this stratagem by which he has been condemned. All night long the king walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the dawning of the morning. At the first streak of daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of lions; he looks in. All is silent. His heart stops. He fears the worst. He has happened, but gathering all his strength he shouts through the rifts of the rock, "O Daniel! is the God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from the deep darkness a voice which says: "O king! live forever. My God has sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are hurled into it, and no sooner have they struck the bottom of the den than their flesh was rent, and their bones cracked, and their blood spurted through the rifts of the rock, and as the lions make the rocks tremble with their roar, they announce to all ages that while God will defend his people, the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Learn first from the subject that the greatest you can commit in the eyes of many is the crime of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He got to be prime minister. They could not forgive him for that, and behold in that a touch of unsanctified human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are pinched in poverty, so long as you are running the gauntlet between the lash and the tax gatherer, so long as you find it hard work to educate your children, there are people who will say: "Poor man, I am sorry for him; he ought to succeed, poor man!"

But after a while the tide turns in your favor. That was a profitable investment you made. You bought at just the right time. Fortune becomes good humored and smiles upon you. Now you are being in some department successful, your success chills some one. Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street, and they scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money or more influence than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you passed by them. "Stuck up," says one. "Got it dishonestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in their new house is laid on their hearts.

Your Horses' Hoofs Went Over Their Nerves.

Every item of your success has been to them an item of discomfiture and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows, if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospect of others. The road to honor and success is within reach of the enemy's guns. Jealousy says, "Stay down, or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snow-bird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snow-bird. "Oh," said the snowflake "you are growing up and I am coming down." Young merchants, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics, young artists, young farmers, at certain times there were those to sympathize with you, but now that you are becoming master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyers, young doctors, young artists, young farmers—how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

Again: My subject impresses me with the value of decision of character in any department. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the religion of the Lord he would be hurled to the lions, but having set his compass well, he sailed right on.

For the lack of that element of decision of character so eminent in Daniel, many men are ruined for this world and ruined for the world to come. A great many at forty years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their mind. Perhaps they will go West. Perhaps they will go East. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they will go North. Perhaps they may go South. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads. Perhaps they will not. They are like a steamer that should not go out of New York harbor, starting for Glasgow, and the next day should start for Havre de Grace, and the next for Charleston, and the next for Boston and the next for Liverpool. These men on the sea of life everlasting tacking ship and making no headway. Or they are like a man who starts to build a house in the Corinthian style and changes to Doric, and then completes it in the Ionic, and is cursed by all styles of architecture.

Young Man Start Right and Keep On.

Have decision of character. Character is like the goldfinch of Tonquin, it is magnificent while standing firm, but loses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order that these young men may be Christians! Their old associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions and they do not invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes they grimace, and wink, and chuckle, and say, "There goes a saint."

O young man! have decision of character. You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoffs of these men, who are affronted because you will not go to ruin with them? When the grave cracks open under their feet, and grim messengers push them into it, and eternity comes down hard upon their spirit, and conscience stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to hurl them down, will they laugh then?

I learn also from my subject that men may take religion into their worldly business. Daniel had enough work to do to occupy six men. All the affairs of state were in his hands—question of finance, questions of war, of peace, all international questions were for his settlement or adjustment. He must have had a correspondence vast beyond all computation. There was not a man in all the earth who had more to do than Daniel, the secretary of state, and yet we find him three times a day bowing before God in prayer. There are men in our day who have not a hundredth part of Daniel's engagements, who say they are too busy to be religious. They have an idea somehow that religion will spoil their worldly occupation, that it will trip the accountant's pen, or dull the carpenter's saw, or confuse the lawyer's brief, or disarrange the merchant's storeshelf.

They Think Religion is Impertinent.

They would like to have it very well seated beside them in church on the Sabbath, to find the place in the psalm book, or to nudge them awake when they get sleepy under the didactic discourse, or they would like to leave it in the pew on Sabbath evening, as they go out, closing the door, saying, "Good night, religion; I'll be back next Sunday!" But to have religion go right along by them all through life, to have religion looking over their shoulder when they are making a bargain, to have religion take up a bag of dishonest gold and shake it, and say: "Hal ha! where did you get that?" They think that is an impertinent religion. They would like to have a religion to help them when they are sick, and when the shadow of death comes over them they would like to have religion as a sort of night key with which to open the door of heaven; but religion under other circumstances they take to be an impertinence. Now, my friends, religion never robbed a man of a dollar. Other things being equal, a mason will build a better wall, a cabinet-maker will make a better chair, a painter will make a better picture, a lawyer will make a better plea, a merchant will sell a better bill of goods. I say, other things being equal. Of course, when religion gives a man a new heart it does not propose to give him a new head, or to intellectualize him, or to change a man's condition when his ordinary state is an overthrow of the philosophical theory that a total vacuum is impossible; but the more letters you have to write, the more burdens you have to bear, the more miles you have to travel, the more burdens you have to lift, the more engagements you have to meet, the more disputes you have to settle, the more opportunity you have of being a Christian.

Again: I learn from this subject that a man may take religion into his politics. Daniel had all the affairs of state on hand, yet a Christian. He could not have kept his elevated position unless he had been a thorough politician; and yet all the thrusts of officials and all the danger of disgrace did not make him yield one iota of his high toned religious principle. He stood before that age, he stands before all ages, a specimen of a Christian politician.

It is absurd to expect that men who have been immersed in political wickedness for thirty or forty years shall come to reformation; and our hope is in the young men who are coming up, that they have patriotic principle and Christian principle side by side when they come to the ballot-box and cast their first vote, and that they swear allegiance to the government of heaven as well as to the government of the United States. We would have Bunker Hill mean less to them than Calvary, and Lexington mean less to them than Bethlehem.

But Because There Are Bad Men

around the ballot-box is no reason why Christian men should retreat from the arena. The last time you ought to give up your child or forsake your child is when it is surrounded by a company of Choctaws; the last time to surrender the ballot-box is when it is surrounded by impurity and dishonesty and all sorts of wickedness.

Daniel stood on a most unpopular platform. He stood firmly though the demagogues of the day hissed at him and tried to overthrow him. We must carry our religion into our politics. But there are a great many men who are in favor of taking religion into national politics who do not see the importance of taking it into city politics; as though a man were intelligent about the welfare of his neighborhood and had no concern about his own home.

Religion would drive out all base personalities from politics. You have a right to discuss men's politics and denounce their political sentiments, or receive them, as you will, but you have no right to assail their private character as is done every autumn. That is not carrying religion into politics. Now you can always tell without asking, in any contest, what candidate I will vote for. It is always for the man who is most badgered, and most abused, and most spit upon, and most howled at. You have a right to contest a man's political sentiments, you have no right for base political purposes

To Assail His Private Moral Character.

My subject always impresses me with the fact that lions cannot hurt a good man. A man ever got into worse company than Daniel got into when he was thrown into the den. What a rare morsel that fair young man would have been for the monsters! If they had plunged at him he could not have climbed into a niche beyond the reach of their paw or the snatch of their tooth. They came pleased all around about him, as a hunter's hounds at the well-known whistle come bounding to his feet.

You need not go to Numidia to get among lions, you all have had them after you—the lion of financial distress, the lion of sickness, the lion of persecution. You saw that lion of financial panic putting his mouth down to the earth, and he roared until all the banks and all the insurance companies quaked. With his nostrils he scattered the ashes on the domestic hearth. You have had trial after trial, misfortune after misfortune, fair lion; and yet they have never hurt you if you put your trust in God, and they never will hurt you. They did not hurt Daniel, and they cannot hurt you.

The Persians used to think that spring rain falling into sea shells would turn into pearls, and I have to tell you that the tears of sorrow turn into precious gems when they drop into God's bottle. Even death, that monster lion whose dead is the world's sepulcher, and who puts his paw down amid thousands of millions of the dead, cannot affright you.

When in olden times a man was to get the honors of knighthood, he was compelled to go fully armed the night before, among the tombs of the dead, carrying a sort of spear, and then when the day broke he would come forth, and, amid the sound of cornet and great parade, he would get the honors of knighthood. And so it will be with the Christian in the night before heaven, as fully armed with the spear and helmet of salvation, he will wait and watch through the darkness until the morning dawns, and then he will take the honors of heaven amid that great throng with snowy robes, streaming over seas of sapphire.

The Webbs.

The strike has brought Walter Webb into prominence and yet his connection with the railroad is by no means as extended as that of his brother Seward, who is, however, much less conspicuous. These men are the sons of James Watson Webb, formerly editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, who was married twice. His first wife was Helen Stewart, and their son (Alexander Stewart Webb) is president of the New York college. The second wife was the daughter of the rich distiller, Jacob Cram, whose wealth, in part at least, still lingers in the family.

Seward Webb is the only man whose name is derived from a duel. It was intended as an expression of gratitude. The editor challenged Tom Marshall and they exchanged shots. Webb was not only wounded, but was also indicted for violation of the anti-dwelling law. He plead guilty, was locked up in the Tombs, and would have gone to the penitentiary had not a pardon been received from Governor Seward, whose name was therefore gratefully given by the duelist to his son. Seward Webb, like his father, married rich, his wife being one of William H. Vanderbilt's daughters. This connection gave him his present office and also sufficient influence to elevate his brother Walter. The latter indeed was merely a Wall street broker until he thus obtained a position on the Central-Hudson, where he now represents the absent president.—[Rochester Democrat.

Matrimonial Progress at Waukesha.

Young Man—Do you think, Mrs. Hendricks, that your daughter Sallie would change her name for mine?

Mother—Well, Mr. Waldo, Sallie is a very impulsive girl, and I really don't know what she might do under great provocation.—[Judge.

Fin and Finance.

Aby—How you tells ven you geds a bite, Popper?

Feldheimer—Der line goes down a liddle.

Aby—How much?

Feldheimer (abstractedly)—About one unt a hellof per cend.—[Puck.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

THE N. Y. CENTRAL STRIKE

ARTHUR'S LETTER

To an Engineer on the New York Central Strike.

The letter given below was written by P. M. Arthur, chief engineer of the Grand National Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to an engineer on the Third avenue elevated road, New York. The letter is in response to a letter on the subject of the New York Central strike, and is the first utterance of Mr. Arthur which fully defines his position towards the Central strikers and Knights of Labor. The letter is given herewith in full:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Aug. 25.

R. H. HOLMAN:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Your letter of 23d instant, with Mr. Powderly's letter and other clippings from New York papers enclosed, is received and contents carefully perused. In reply will say that I have not received any letter from Mr. Powderly. He claims to have written me a private letter on the trouble and wants me to define my position.

If he considers his letter that appeared in the newspapers a private one I don't, nor will I answer letters that reach me in that way.

It is unnecessary for Mr. Powderly or any one else to ask me to define the position of the G. I. of L. in the present trouble on the New York Central & Hudson River road. The policy of the Brotherhood is well known to him and the public, as it has been repeatedly explained from the public platform and published in the newspapers.

He says: "Some time ago I telegraphed him (meaning me) that I would meet him in Cleveland, and when I arrived there I could not find him high or low. I learned that the telegram had been received by him, but my efforts to locate him were fruitless."

Now the facts in the case, as near as I can recollect, are these: Some four years ago I received a telegram from Powderly requesting me to meet him at the union depot in Cleveland on the arrival of a certain train on the Lake Shore road. To my absence from the office I did not receive the message until after the departure of the train, and so informed him by letter, addressing it to him at Scranton.

I do not believe he stopped over and looked for me, if he did, he would have had no difficulty in finding me at my office, or at my home, as I am always at one or the other when in Cleveland. He was a willful falsehood when he says other leaders have been unable to find me when they tried to do so.

Any man who tries to find me when I am in Cleveland can do so with very little effort, and no man who does a leader or a private in the ranks of labor ever came to my office that he was not treated courteously.

While I differ with men as to the best methods to be employed to secure certain ends, I have always been liberal enough to concede to every man the same rights and privileges I ask for myself.

When the strike came on the New York Central first occurred, I advised the engineers to abstain from all participation in it, and to attend strictly to their own business. I gave the same advice when the strike occurred on the Gould system a few years ago. My advice to the Brotherhood of Engineers when men employed in other branches of railroad service have been on a strike, was to mind their own business and do anything that did not properly belong to them as engineers.

Can Mr. Powderly say the same? I think not.

Whenever the engineers have been on a strike we never asked any other labor organization to assist us.

It is true some members of the order during the U. R. strike unadvisedly importuned the switchmen to quit, but they did it on their own responsibility, not by the authority of the organization. Consequently I hold that we are perfectly justified in standing entirely neutral as a mutual position when others are engaged in a conflict with their employers.

Mr. Powderly accuses members of the B. L. E. of taking the places of striking firemen. If that is true the division of which they are members will deal with them. It is not within the province of my authority to deal with individual members.

I wonder if Mr. Powderly had the Knights expelled who took the places of our men on the C., B. & Q.? Yours fraternally,

P. M. ARTHUR, G. C. E.

STRANGE CHARGES.

Barry Charges That the Speculators Control the Strikes.

The New York *Sun's* Detroit special of Aug. 28 says: "Tom Barry, formerly of the executive board of the Knights of Labor, in an interview yesterday as to the outlook in the present strike, said it was a failure from the start because it lacked proper organization and ability behind it. Powderly did not take hold until too late to be of service. When asked why Knights of Labor strikes failed all over the country, he said: 'If you want me to tell you what is the reason that the knights are a back number, why here it is: Did you ever hear of an officer in an organization trying to bleed the members for all there was in it? Yes, perhaps you have. Let me tell you something. It takes reverses to the old, time-worn Northwestern strike? Well, I was right in the midst of that quarrel. The stocks of the railroad fell right out of sight. While the strife was on I was approached by a Wall street broker and offered $100,000 in cold cash to tell in advance when the strike was to be settled. I told the broker I was not in it that way. I refused that $100,000, but as a member of the board I laid the proposition before the strikers. Of course they rejected it with scorn, but 24 hours later Mr. Powderly was in New York negotiating with the very broker whom I slighted.' Mr. Barry evidently knew more of this transaction than he told, but would say no more."

The *Evening Sun* had an interview with General Master Workman Powderly, relative to the charges made by Mr. Barry in the morning issue of that paper. In it Mr. Powderly says: "Mr. Barry is an unmitigated liar. Mr. Barry was himself discharged from the order because he was crooked in money transactions and because he misappropriated funds. It is a proof sufficient as to the falsity of his assertions when it is well known that I was not in the Southwest during the strike in 1886. I do not believe he ever had an offer of $100,000. Men like Barry usually are willing to accept money offers and are usually purchased at their price, a drink of whisky."

Late last night Mr. Powderly put forth a statement. It re-covers the ground traversed by him in his previous manifestoes. He intimates that the dividends from the New York Central interests are not equally divided, and says:

The New York Central owns the Wagner Palace car concern, but the dividends of that institution are not shared by the stockholders of the New York Central; they go to the managers of the Wagner Co. The Blue line of freight cars is owned by the New York Central, and it is a question if the stockholders ever see the earnings here. The lodge at Albany is owned by the Central; but I am told it is held as a separate piece of property, and pays separate dividends to a part of the stockholders.

Apropos of this Mr. Powderly demands government control of the railroads; he references the Sixth National bank scandal in the same connection; he says he thinks Mr. Barry of unsound mind and his utterances not worthy of attention; he affirms that little freight is being handled by the Central and that their new men have been duped and are dissatisfied and quitting the company. The fight will be kept up says Mr. Powderly, until Chauncey Depew comes here to rebuke and to range himself beside Vice-President Webb.

A LABOR PAPER

Has its Say About the New York Central Strike.

In an editorial on the New York Central strike, which appeared last week in the *Journal of the Knights of Labor*, appear these passages:

The company has distinctly challenged the rights of workingmen to combine for the mutual protection and for the betterment of their condition. Mr. Webb has neither the courage nor the manliness to openly avow this. He takes refuge in the old, time-worn subterfuge. Does any one believe for a moment that if Mr. Webb, or those whose mouth-piece and instrument he is, were sure of confidence in their belief and the Southern and Middle states amounts to about 2 degrees per day; although this excess is due largely to the abnormally high temperature during the early part of the season.

Precipitation—The rainfall was in excess over the Ohio, lower Mississippi and lower Missouri, the northern portions of east gulf and south Atlantic states, Arkansas, eastern New York and the interior of New England, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Excessive rains occurred in Mississippi, Tennessee, and northern portions of Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, eastern Kentucky and western North Carolina, where the rainfall generally exceeded two inches. Heavy rains occurred over the southern portions of the corn belt, but only light showers

eight-hour law. The bill was then passed.

Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, submitted the conference report on the bill for the relief of the sufferers in Oklahoma, and it was agreed to.

The Senate concurrent resolution was agreed to authorizing the selection of another site for the Lafayette statue to be erected in Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—In the senate Mr. Blair presented a resolution that the two houses take a recess from September 19 to November 10. The tariff bill was then taken up.

The house went into committee of the whole (Mr. Allen, of Michigan, in the chair) and the first bill to be considered was that which has been pending for the past sixteen weeks, the omnibus Southern war claims bills.

Mr. Thomas, of Wisconsin, who had objected to its passage on the ground that some of the claimants whose claims were covered were disloyal, offered a substitute striking out the objectionable features, and by unanimous consent the substitute was agreed to. The bill carries about $530,000.

The committee rose, the bill was passed and the committee resumed its session.

When the committee again rose half a dozen private bills were passed.

On motion of Mr. Smith, of Illinois, the Senate bill was passed constituting Cairo, Ill., a port of delivery.

On motion of Mr. Washington, of Tennessee, a bill was passed to establish the customs collection district of Tennessee.

The house at its evening session passed seventy-two private pension bills.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—In the Senate the following bills were taken from the calendar and passed: The senate bill appropriating $5,000 for a site and public building at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and a resolution as to the construction of a railroad bridge across the Little Tennessee river at Niles Ferry, Tenn. The tariff bill was then taken up.

In the house the bill for the adjustment of the laws of workmen and mechanics arising under the eight-hour law was taken up. The measure was earnestly advocated by Messrs. Caruth, Ky., Dingley, Me., Covert, N. Y., Wolford, Kan., Shively, Ind., Ryan, N. Y., Wade, Mo., Reilly, Pa., Osborne, Pa., and Farquhar, N. Y., and finally passed with an amendment by Mr. Brewer providing that the act shall not be operative whenever the court of claims shall find that the claimant performed service under any contract expressed or implied, and has been paid the amount agreed upon.

The bill amending the alien land law was then passed.

Mr. Wade (Mo.), from the committee on labor, then called up the bill prohibiting the employment of convict labor on public works, which was passed. Also the bill to prevent the purchase of supplies the product of convict labor by the United States. Passed.

Mr. Bingley (Me.) presented the conference report on the bill to prevent collisions at sea, and it was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Hansbrough (N. D.) a bill was passed giving the consent of the United States to North Dakota to appropriate a section of land for the use of the state agricultural college.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—In the Senate the tariff bill was taken up and discussed at length. In the House the day was devoted to legislation of a private nature.

OTHER CAPITAL NEWS.

RUM IN THE CAPITOL.

Deliberations of the Upper House at Washington.

The resolution heretofore offered by Mr. Plumb instructing the committee on Rules to issue such orders as will wholly prevent the sale of spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in the Senate wing of the capitol, was taken up in the Senate on Aug. 27—the first question being on Mr. Butler's amendment directing the sergeant-at-arms to make daily inspection of committee rooms and other apartments.

Mr. Hawley expressed his regret at Mr. Butler's absence, because the amendment (he had no doubt) had been offered as a satire or a joke. He protested against putting on record anything so offensive. The amendment was rejected.

The next question was on the amendment offered by Mr. Blair, to add the words, "and their use as a beverage."

Mr. Blair said that the great evil was not in the sale of liquors but in their consumption. It was idle to talk of the selling occasional glasses of liquor in the restaurant, while the real evil was omitted. That real evil was the consumption of liquor by senators in their committee-rooms.

Mr. Harris remarked that the committee on rules had complete jurisdiction over the senate wing of the capital; and he was inclined to think that the best policy would be to let the resolution and amendment go to the committee on rules which would, he had do doubt, give prompt attention to the matter, and determine what ought to be done.

Mr. Teller said that he had no sympathy with the amendment. It was a proper thing that no liquor should be sold in the capitol, but the question as to what a Senator should or should not do in regard to the use of liquor, seemed to him to be going too far. He had never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor in his life. He thought that it might be assumed, and ought to be assumed, that every member of the body was a self-respecting gentleman. As had been said the other morning he knew of no other body of men so temperate as the Senate. For the last two years, at least, there had been no exhibition of drunkenness in the chamber, such was said to have occurred forty or fifty, or sixty or seventy years ago. The American Senate was a temperate body, and all intimations that there was some necessity for a rule to restrain senators from the excessive use of intoxicating drinks were entirely without foundation. Nobody knew better than the Senator from New Hampshire that that was not the case. He would, therefore, vote against the amendment and for the resolution.

Mr. Sherman concurred in the views expressed by Mr. Teller. When he compared the habits of Senators to-day with what they used to be twenty or thirty years ago, he thought that a remarkable change had occurred. He believed that the Senate was as temperate as any body of men to be found in the United States. The committee on rules, he was sure, would deal with the question more easily than the Senate could. The resolution had consumed very valuable time, and he moved its reference to the committee on rules. Agreed to.

CAME TO BLOWS.

Wilson and Beckwith Have a Personal Encounter in the House.

The ill-feeling developed in the House by the filibustering over the compound lard bill, led to a personal affray on Aug. 27 between Representative Beckwith, of New Jersey, and Representative Wilson, of Washington. The roll was being called upon a ruling by Speaker Reed respecting the calling to order of Representative Cannon of Illinois. Representative Enloe, of Tennessee, for words spoken in debate.

Representative Mason, separated from Mr. Cannon by the width of one of the sections of seats, was criticising the latter for the tone of his remark to which Mr. Enloe objected. In the row of seats between them sat Representatives Beckwith and Wilson, on either side of Representative Lehlbach. They all took part in the controversy, when suddenly Mr. Wilson and Mr. Beckwith were seen to rise, and the former struck at the latter, lightly touching him on the breast.

Lehlbach sprung between them and Mr. Wilson was unable to reach around him. Representative Williams, of Ohio, anxious to stop the affray, seized Mr. Beckwith from behind and forced him into his seat with considerable vigor. At this, Beckwith turned his attention to his supposed assailant in the rear and it required the efforts of two or three Republicans to prevent a collision. Mr. Williams succeeded in assuring Mr. Beckwith that he had no hostile intentions, and the latter resumed his seat.

The incident was over in a few seconds, and added but little to the excitement on the floor, but it was the occasion for prolonged laughter among the Democrats who witnessed it. The eagle and mace of the sergeant-at-arms were hurriedly borne to the scene of the conflict and at its appearance all was quiet.

Platt Declined.

It is reported here that the Spanish mission made vacant by the resignation of ex-Gov. Palmer, of Michigan, had been offered to ex-Senator T. C. Platt, of New York. It is also that Mr. Platt had declined to accept the place. On this the New York *Tribune* says. Mr. Platt was asked about this dispatch to-day, and remarked that it was rather an old story. "It is true," he added, "that I have been offered the mission, and it is also true that I have declined the place nearly two months ago."

Bills Approved.

The President has signed the meat inspection bill and the agricultural bill, and approved the sundry civil appropriation bill and the act providing for additional clerical force to carry into effect the dependent pension bill.

The President has approved the joint resolution making appropriation for the relief of the destitute in Oklahoma.

OUR FINANCES.

The Public Debt Statement for the Month of August.

The public debt statement for the month of August is as follows:

Interest-bearing debt:	
Bonds at 4½ per cent	$ 94,490,350
Bonds at 4 per cent	686,384,650
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	103,020
Aggregate of interest-bearing debt, exclusive of U. S. bonds issued to Pacific railroads	$ 680,978,020
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity	1,777,275
Debt bearing no interest:	
Legal tender notes	$ 346,681,016
Old demand notes	50,032
National Bank Notes:	
Redemption account, (Deposited in Treasury under act July 14, 1890)	55,059,206
Fractional currency, less $8,375,334 estimated as lost or destroyed	6,911,510
Aggregate of debt bearing no interest, including National Bank fund deposited in Treasury under act of July 14, 1890	$ 408,707,854
Certificates issued on deposits of gold and silver coin and legal tender notes:	
Gold certificates	$ 157,388,269
Silver certificates	308,423,071
Currency certificates	9,230,000
Treasury notes of 1890	3,600,000
Aggregate of certificates offset by cash in the Treasury	$ 478,650,340
Aggregate of debt, including certificates August 31, 1890	$1,570,113,491
Cash in Treasury—reserved for the following purposes:	
For redemption of U. S. notes, acts January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
For redemption of gold certificates issued	157,388,269
For redemption of silver certificates issued	308,423,071
For redemption of currency certificates issued	9,230,000
For matured debt, accrued interest and interest due and unpaid	3,609,000
Interest due and unpaid	8,509,433
Total cash reserve for above purposes	$ 587,159,773
Available for other purposes:	
Fractional silver, fractional currency and minor coin not held in trust fund	$ 22,078,807
Net cash balance, including $54,-276,975.75, National Bank fund deposited in the Treasury under act of July 14, 1890	85,318,869
Total	$ 694,557,449
Debt less cash in the Treasury August 31, 1890	$75,556,040
Debt, less cash in the Treasury July 31, 1889	$76,389,113
Net decrease of debt during the month	$ 833,073

MOVED BY EDMUNDS.

He Wants Congress to Take a Recess Rather Than Adjourn.

A resolution was introduced in the Senate on Aug. 26 by Senator Edmunds, providing for a recess of Congress from September 19 to November 10, is the subject of wide comment at the capitol.

To an Associated Press reporter Senator Edmunds said he offered the resolution on his own motion and responsibility. It seemed to him, he said, due to the public interest, and in order that the large docket of important measures reported from committees pending before the Senate, that all available time between now and the fourth of March next, should be utilized in discussing and disposing of them.

The suggestion that the President should call an extra session of congress, Senator Edmunds said, he did not approve of. It would imply a censure or reproach upon congress for failure to transact the business before it. Congress has the power to take such a recess and proceed with its business without the intervention of an executive.

Another Senator who was asked how the resolution was received by the Republicans, said he did not believe any one was in favor of it. The general sentiment expressed at the conference last week was, he said, that if any time was needed beyong the limits of the short session, the President should issue his proclamation convening Congress in extra session.

Senator Pierce said said that he was satisfied the President would not call an extra session of congress, whatever might be done. Such a resolution, the senator thought, could have for its ultimate object only one thing—the passage of the election bill; that the Democrats would see that, and that they could and would talk the resolution to death to prevent action on the bill.

The President is empowered, under a certain condition of things, to do just what Senator Edmund's resolution proposes. In case the two Houses should fail to agree then a date for adjournment, section 3 of article 2, relating to the powers and duties of the President, says:

"He may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both Houses or either of them, and in case of disagreement between them with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper."

Sherman's Amendment.

Senator Sherman has presented the following to the Senate, which, he says, he would offer as an amendment to the tariff bill at the proper time:

That, whenever it shall be certified to the president of the United States, that the government of the dominion of Canada shall by law or regulation admit, free of duty, into all its ports, coal mined in the United States, he shall make proclamation of that fact, and thereafter while such law or regulation is in force, coal mined in the dominion of Canada shall be admitted free of duty into all the ports of the United States, and whenever it shall be duly certified to the President of the United States that the government of the Dominion of Canada has declared a desire to enter into such commercial arrangements with the United States as will result in the complete and partial removal of duty upon trade between Canada and the United States, he shall appoint three commissioners to meet those who may be designated to represent the government of Canada to consider the best method of extending the trade relations between Canada and the United States, and to ascertain on what terms greater freedom of intercourse between the two countries can best be secured, and said commissioners shall report to the President, who shall lay the report before Congress. And the necessary expenses of the commissioners appointed by their president, including their compensation at the rate of $10 a day each for the time necessarily employed in said duty, shall be paid out of the appropriation for the collection of customs revenue.

Mexico and Arizona.

At a meeting of the House committee on Territories, the subject of the consideration of the bills for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona into the Union being under discussion, a preamble and resolution in regard to the matter, drawn up by Representative Blair, of Missouri, was unanimously adopted.

The resolution authorizes the committee on Territories to send a sub-committee of seven members to New Mexico and Arizona with authority to inquire into the social, industrial, financial and moral conditions existing in the territory and report whether the territories, in justice to themselves and their relations to the other states of the Union, are prepared for statehood or not.

Watching the Sealers.

From information received by the schooner Arago, which arrived at San Francisco on Aug. 26, it is learned that the revenue cutter Rush was at St. Paul's Island August 15. She is not making any seizures, but is simply ordering sealers out of Behring sea. The Corwin had not arrived at Ounalaska when the Arago left.

The President's Family.

The President's family left Cape May for Cresson, Pa., on Aug. 29, at 9 o'clock, in a special car attached to the regular express train on the West Jersey railroad.

The President will leave Washington for Cresson, Pa., the latter part of the week, and will establish executive headquarters there during his stay.

Central America.

Acting Secretary Wharton has received a telegram from Minister Mizner at Guatemala, through Minister Ryan at Mexico City, dated the 28th inst., as follows:

Went again to Acajutla in Salvador on Monday with three of the diplomatic corps. Met Provisional President with several hundred leading men of the republic. Basis of peace explained, slightly modified, accepted and signed by Gen. Ezeta. Returned here (Guatemala) yesterday afternoon, when Guatemala also accepted and signed. Both parties have been officially notified to retire their armies in 48 hours and to reduce them to peace footing in eight days. This establishes peace in Central America.

GENERAL NEWS.

MICHIGAN REPUBLICANS.

A Rousing Convention in the City of Detroit.

The Michigan state Republican convention met at Detroit on August 28. Judge Van Seile, temporary chairman, called the body to order. Sen. Fox made the report of the committe on credentials. The convention had 944 votes, with no contesting delegates, and all counties were represented except Luce.

Senator Chapman, of Hillsdale, made the report of the committee on permanent organization and order of business: Chairman, Austin Blair; secretary, James Van Klack. The nominations to be made in the following order: Governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, state treasurer, auditor general, commissioner of land office, attorney general, superintendent of public instruction, state board of education, justice of supreme court, chairman of state central committee.

The resolutions commend President Harrison's administration, the course of Speaker Reed, and that of the senators and representatives of Michigan in Congress. The resolutions declare for a free ballot, and fair count, but were silent on the "force" bill. The silver bill was endorsed. Governor Luce was endorsed. Changes in the state tax law were favored so as to have all property not exempted bear the burden equally, and so that no man should pay taxes on property which he in fact does not own. The course of the party on pension legislation was commended.

The temperance plank is as follows:

We reaffirm the position of the Republican party heretofore expressed in its state platforms of 1886 and 1888 upon the temperance question.

The following is the tariff plank:

We are in favor of such a revision of our national tariff laws as will protect producers, laborers and farmers against the ruinous competition of foreign productions and cheaper labor, and especially commend those features of the Ensley bill which provide for the protection of farm products, as well as manufactured articles.

The report was adopted without a debate.

Senator Holbrook then began his eulogy of James M. Turner, of Lansing, in proposing him as nominee for governor.

The nomination of Turner having been endorsed, Judge Joseph B. Moore, of Lapeer, took the platform amidst the wildest excitement to present the name of John T. Rich, of Flint. Mr. Rich's nomination having been seconded and numerous eulogies delivered it was moved to proceed to an informal ballot for governor.

The first ballot resulted as follows: Turner 497, Richmond 444, T. W. Palmer 1. The result was received with frantic applause by Turner's supporters, and as he had 26 votes more than a majority, the nomination was made unanimous.

The Michigan Republicans completed their ticket as follows:

Lieutenant governor, W. S. Linton, Saginaw; secretary of state, Washington Gardner, Battle Creek. Joseph B. Moore, of Detroit, was unanimously nominated on the third ballot for state treasurer. The auditor generalship also went by unanimous vote on third ballot to Theron F. Gidding. Prof. Schurtz was made unanimous choice on second ballot for superintendent of public instruction. James M. Ballou, of Allegan county, was nominated for state board of education by acclamation, as was Justice Edward Cahill, of Lansing, for justice of the Supreme court. Senator James McMillan was unanimously chosen for chairman of the state Central committee.

IDAHO DEMOCRATS.

A Platform Adopted and Officers Elected.

The Idaho Democratic state convention in session at Boise City on Aug. 27, adopted the following platform:

It thanks Congress for preserving the unity of Idaho, but regrets the opposition of the Republican majority as to New Mexico and Arizona, because they are Democrats; denounces the Shirley election bill; tenders gratitude to Democrats in Congress for their unanimous vote in favor of free coinage of silver; denounces the silver bill enacted by the Republican Congress as a compromise to the interests of Wall street; demands free and unlimited coinage of silver; demands protection of the lead industry and declares against the importation lead; favors the Australian system of voting and the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people; protests against the enactment of the federal elections bill and denounces the "gag law" policy of Speaker Reed, and pledges the party to the election of one United States Senator from North Dakota and to uphold the test oath.

Benjamin Wilson, of Boise county, was nominated for governor; Alexander E. Mayhew, of Shoshone, was nominated for representative in Congress.

At the evening session Samuel F. Taylor, of Bingham county, was nominated for lieutenant-governor.

The rest of the ticket is as follows:

For secretary of state, E. A. Sherwin, of Shoshone; auditor, J. L. Wickersham, Owyhie; treasurer, R.T. A. Reagan, Ada; attorney-general, R. H. Johnson, superintendent of public instruction, M. A. Kelly, Nez Perces; justices of the supreme court, E. N. Maxwell, Nez Perces; E. A. Ensign, Alturas and H. W. Weir, Ada. The convention then adjourned sine die.

WASHINGTON DEMOCRATS.

The New State Has Its Men Who Long for Political Spoils.

The convention of Democratic clubs at Tacoma, Wash., met on Aug. 27. The committee on resolutions reported a series of resolutions declaring that the object of the association is to foster the formation of permanent Democratic clubs and societies throughout the state of Washington and insure their active co-operation in disseminating the Jeffersonian principle of government. The committee on permanent organization reported a constitution and by-laws similar to those of the National Democratic association. The title of the organization is "The Democratic Society of Washington."

The platform adopted by the Democratic state convention at Seattle, Wash., on Aug. 29 endorses the national platform of the Democratic party; favors the reduction of taxes to absolute needs of the government. The platform denounces the federal election bill and the policy of Speaker Reed in the House of Representatives; demands free coinage of silver, and that all the government officers be elected by the direct vote of the people; also denounces the employment of Pinkerton men to maintain order.

A MINISTER IN TROUBLE.

The Prohibition Candidate for Secretary of State Asked to Resign.

The First Baptist church of Cincinnati, has become involved in a disagreement concerning their pastor, the Rev. Mr. C. M. Lockwood, who was recently nominated for secretary of state by the Prohibition party of Ohio. At a called meeting of the advisory board August 18, during Mr. Lockwood's absence, resolutions were adopted requesting him to resign.

Upon his return this week, a church meeting was held, at which a vote was taken against his resignation, and declaring the meeting of the Advisory board illegal and its proceedings void. There is a denial by those opposing Mr. Lockwood that their opposition is caused by his candidacy on the Prohibition ticket.

South Dakota Republicans.

The Republican state convention adopted a platform reported after a warm debate on the prohibition plank.

Congressman J. A. Pickler was renominated by acclamation but his colleague, Mr. Gifford, was defeated by J. R. Gamble, of Yankton, who won on the first ballot. Gov. Millette was renominated without opposition. For Lieut. Gov. G. A. Hoffman was chosen over. T. C. Peterson and B. F. McCormick on the first ballot. The present secretary of state. Mr. Ringsrud was renominated by acclamation.

W. W. Tay, of Redfield, was nominated for secretary of state, and the ticket completed as follows: Attorney general, Robert Dollard, of Bonhomme; superintendent of public instructions, Cortez Salmon, of Turner; commissioner of schools and public lands, Thomas H. Ruth, of Kingsbury; commissioner of labor and statistics, R. L. Smith, of Charles.

Thomas Carroll for Governor.

The Washington state Democratic convention on August 30 nominated Thomas Carroll for Congress. The convention was enthusiastic, especially at every mention of Grover Cleveland's name.

INDIANA DEMOCRATS.

Platform Adopted by the Hoosiers, To-Day.

The Indiana Democratic state convention was called to order in Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, at 10 o'clock on Aug. 28, by Chairman Jewett, of the State committee, who immediately announced ex-Governor Isaac Gray as chairman.

Thirteen hundred and three delegates occupied seats on the floor, while the lobbies and galleries were filled with a larger crowd of Democrats than has been gatnered together in the state for many years before. The platform, which is very long, was received with great enthusiasm. On national subjects it says:

We, the Democracy of Indiana, in convention assembled for the first time since the memorable contest of 1888, when we went down in defeat but not dishonor, overcome by the shameless methods of Dudleyism and the blocks of five, do solemnly declare:

That the electoral vote of Indiana was obtained for Harrison and Morton by the most flagrant crimes against the ballot box ever perpetrated in an American commonwealth; that these crimes were committed under the direct auspices of Wm. Wade Dudley, then and now treasurer of the national Republican committee, and by the procurement and connivance of Republican leaders in this state and the nation; that the administration of Benjamin Harrison has made itself an accessory after the fact to those crimes by shielding the criminals from punishment and even by rewarding them for their knavery; and that the brazen prostitution of the machinery of the federal court for the district of Indiana by its judge and attorney, to the service and protection of these conspirators against the suffrage, constitutes the most infamous chapter in the judicial annals of the republic.

We denounce the tariff monopolists for their efforts to perpetuate themselves in power by measures inconsistent with free institutions and contrary to good morals. We find in the Force election bill, the bill creating rotten borough states, and the McKinley tariff bill the open manifestation of a gigantic conspiracy of the minority to oppress a groaning people with additional burdens of taxation for private benefits, and to fasten it on the country in such a way that the people cannot free themselves from the galling load.

We denounce the Force bill, which has passed the House and has the active support of the administration, as revolutionary and unconstitutional. It strikes down home rule and local self-government; suggests and encourages fraudulent elections and provides the machinery to accomplish dishonest returns and false certificates of election; fosters sectionalism and bayonet rule wherever interest of the people invites to a peaceful security and unity; outrages and traditions and customs of a century by giving life tenure to partisan returning boards; makes the legislative and executive branches dependent upon the judiciary and converts the judiciary into an instrument of oppression and corruption; involves the unnecessary expenditure of millions of the people's money; and in Indiana, nullifies the Andrews election law, passed by the last legislature over the determined opposition of the Republicans. We declare that interference of any kind by the federal government with state elections is a dangerous menace to the form of government bequeathed us by the framers of the constitution, and that the intelligence and patriotism of the American people may safely be trusted to remedy any evils that may exist in our elections.

The platform indorses the acts of the last legislature; endorses the course of Senator Voorhees and Turpie, and favors the abandonment of the system of fees and perquisites in the payments of state and county officers.

Gov. Gray, on taking the chair, spoke for over an hour, dealing principally with state issues. His reference to ex-President Cleveland was received with tremendous applause.

Claude Matthews, a farmer, of Vermillion county, was nominated for secretary of state. A. S. Mitchell was chosen by acclamation, to succeed himself as justice of the supreme court. The ticket was completed as follows: J. O. Henderson, of the Kokomo *Dispatch*, auditor of state; Albert Gall, of Indianapolis, treasurer; A. Green Smith, of North Vernon, attorney general; A. M. Sweeny, of Dubois, clerk of the supreme court; H. D. Voies, of Johnson county, superintendent of public instruction; S. S. Garby, state geologist, and W. A. Peele, jr., statistician. The latter two are renominations.

PECK NOMINATED.

Milwaukee's Mayor to Run for Governor of Wisconsin.

The platform was adopted unanimously and without any discussion by the Democratic state convention at Milwaukee on Aug. 27. No opposition whatever was offered to the plank demanding the repeal of the Bennett law, and the speakers, in their addresses nominating the various candidates for governor, all denounce the law as an unnecessary piece of paternalism. While declaring they were in favor of the teaching of English in all schools, they said they were opposed to compulsion.

The nominating speeches were not finished until nearly 6 o'clock, when the first ballot was taken, and it resulted as follows:

George W. Peck, 145 votes; Gabriel Bouck, 57; John Winans, 48; John W Knight, 56; Wm. F. Bailey, 13.

The convention met again at 8 o'clock when the second ballot was taken. Peck's vote fell off to 139, and Bouck's increased to 62.

The ballots did not show any great change until the sixth when a stampede set in to Peck, and when it became certain that he would be nominated, some one moved to make it unanimous. Gen. Bragg was at once on his feet to protest. "The candidate whom I came here to support allowed his name to come into the convention simply for the purpose of entering a protest against nominating a governor for fun," he said, and he insisted on the roll call. The vote showed Peck 227, Bouck 19, Knight 47, Winans 17. Again it was moved to make the nomination unanimous and again Gen. Bragg objected, and when the motion was put he and a few friends voted "nay" and were loudly hissed by the convention.

Peck was sent for and soon appeared and thanked the delegates for the honor conferred upon him.

Carl Jones, of Racine, ex-consul to Prague, was nominated for lieutenant governor. Thomas Cunningham, of Chippewa Falls, was nominated for secretary of state; John Hunner, of Eau Claire, for state treasurer, and J. L. O'Conner, of Madison for attorney general. O. E. Wells, of Kaukauna, was nominated for superintendent of public instruction. Thomas Thompson, of Eau Claire, was nominated for railroad commissioner. W. M. Root, of Sheboygan, was named for insurance commissioner by acclamation.

A TANGLE.

Maine Politicians Are Having Much Trouble.

There is much political excitement at Biddeford, Maine, because of the oversight by the Saco board of Aldermen in not holding a meeting between August 11 and 18, to revise the check lists, according to the requirement of the statutes. The Saco officials admit their error, though they claim that all other requirements relating to the election have been fulfilled. The Biddeford aldermen who were recently arrested and arraigned in the United States district court on a charge of neglect of duty, look upon the Saco aldermen's neglect as a parallel case. Leading Biddeford Democrats are anxious to push the matter, and it is probable that arrests of the Saco aldermen will occur within a few days. A conference will be held and it will then be decided what action will be taken. Democrats claim that the Saco aldermen's error will invalidate the election, and that if the district government gives the election to Congressman Reed his seat will be contested.

WITH MIGHTY UNANIMITY.

McKinley Nominated at Massillon Amid Much Enthusiasm.

The Opera House in Massillon, O., was jammed full of Republicans when the big McKinley convention opened at 2 o'clock on Aug. 26. A telegram from Sec. Blaine was read, causing immense cheering. Congressman Smyser introduced Judge Munson, of Medina, who made the speech nominating McKinley. He reserved McKinley's name to the last, and as it was pronounced the cheers and shouts that arose fairly shook the house.

When the vote was called for by Smyser the walls quivered with the mighty "aye" that went up, and the crowd cheered again. Maj. McKinley then followed with his speech of acceptance, which was a masterly effort. A number of other speeches were made, and the convention ended amid great cheers.

Bogus Legislation.

A discovery has been madeby the state attorney-general of Missouri that by a clerical error on the part of the enrolling clerk of the last Senate, the entire chapter on fees of the revised statutes of 1889 is void.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Three Day Session of the Iowa Farmers at Council Bluffs.

The second day's session of the National Farmers' Congress began at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Aug. 27, at 9 o'clock. The invocation was delivered by N. W. Taylor. In the absence of Hon. Milton George, editor of the Chicago *Ruralist*, who was billed to speak on the subject of Farmers' Aliance, of which he is the founder, Hon. Josiah Wheeler of Kansas presented the first paper of the morning session. His subject was "Legislation for Farmers."

President Kolb then introduced Hon. Edward Rosewater, editor of the Omaha *Bee*, who spoke on the silver question, taking the position that the law recently passed by Congress is ample for the demands for stimulating silver production and increasing the volume of money.

At the afternoon session, Hon. W. O. Freeman, of Maine, spoke on agricultural interests of New England, and Hon. W. F. Work, of Indiana, delivered an address condemning the protective tariff policy as hostile to the best interests of the country.

At the third and last day's session of the Farmers' National Congress at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on Aug. 28, a vote was taken to select the state in which the next meeting should be held. Of all the states, but three were named. The result of the vote was: Colorado, 48; Illinois, 74; Missouri, 138. It was decided to allow the Missouri delegation to select its own city, the promise being made that it would not be St. Louis or Kansas City. The date was fixed as the second Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1891.

The result of the Farmers' congress embodies itself in the work of the committee on Resolutions. This committee has held long sessions, and the discussions were earnest, calm and dignified. From the first vote it was evident that the committee was divided on the strict lines of the two systems of political economy now being discussed at all the political meetings in the country. One part believed in the doctrines of the Republican party. The other declared that depression was great and general, and that the remedies were a greater volume of the circulating medium and a great reform in the tariff.

A great many resolutions were acted upon, some of them of a very radical character, but the following are the only ones which received the approval of the committee:

Resolved, That we demand of Congress most liberal appropriations for the improvement by all practicable means of our interior waterways which shall make them instead of sources of disaster and destruction to large sections of our country, useful as great national highways for commerce and trade. We demand the unlimited coinage of silver, the abolition of the national banking laws, the refusal of our national government to extend the charters of national banks now in existence, and the issuance of full legal tender treasury notes in lieu of national bank notes in sufficient volume to meet the business demands of the country and the constantly increasing demand of trade.

Resolved, That we are in favor of a constitutional amendment making United States Senators elective by the people. That we believe the farmer is paying more than his just proportion of taxes; therefore we favor a graduated income tax law, to the end that the incomes of the wealthy may bear their share of governmental support.

Resolved, That Congress demands the amendment of the patent law so that exclusive use of an invention be limited to ten years.

Resolved, That at the Columbian exposition to be held at Chicago in 1893, the agricultural and historical interests of the United States should be most prominently and grandly represented, and to that end it is recommended that the various state legislatures make liberal appropriations for the creditable exhibition of the agricultural and historical resources and possibilities of their respective states.

NEED FEDERAL REGULATION.

A Mob of Democrats Make a Brutal Assault on an Opponent.

A mob of about 2,500 men, some mounted on foot, surrounded the Morrillton, Arkansas, station on both sides of the track Saturday, August 30. A union labor meeting was to have been held there. On the incoming train from Little Rock, among others were J. E. McLaughlin, a well known union labor orator, and George Small, of Springfield, Conway county, a prominent white Republican who had been here for the purpose of getting up union labor tickets for use in Conway county for the election.

Small carried the tickets, 7,000 in all, in a valise. When the train stopped a crowd of men sprang forward and poured into the car where McLaughlin and Small were seated. Among the foremost, it was said, Olly Bentley, Jim Lucas and Walter Wells. Small was struck repeatedly upon the head with loaded sticks, and he soon lost consciousness. McLaughlin was thrown upon the floor and his right shoulder severely wrenched.

After striking Small several additional blows the satchel was dragged from beneath his feet and passed out through the crowd. In a few moments the assailants had left the car. What became of the tickets is not known. McLaughlin got off the train on the side opposite the depot. He passed along the line of horsemen, but no attention was paid to him.

All the business houses were closed and every man and boy was out taking part in the excitement. In spite of the murderous assault on Small, the mob seemed disposed to treat McLaughlin with some degree of courtesy after he left the train, and he was thus enabled to get dinner at the hotel.

DISMISSED THE CASE.

Original Package Men Go Free in Iowa.

After the recent act of Congress prohibiting the sale of original pack ages was passed, George Williams, a brewer at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was arrested for selling beer in original packages. Williams promptly applied for a writ of habeas corpus to test the legality of the act in question, which was granted, and the case has been continued from time to time to enable the county to prepare to meet the question.

When the case was called, Sept. 1, the county attorney had the case dismissed. The attorney for the defense has prepared a brief and argument, holding the act unconstitutional, but said that even if constitutional legislation was necessary to put the prohibitory law in force, the Supreme court decision in the original package case had absolutely voided the prohibitory statute.

ARE IN NEED OF AID.

The Oklahoma Boomers Have Become a Public Charge.

Capt. Burbank, who was detailed by the War department to examine into the alleged destitution existing near Oklahoma City, I. T., has sent in his report. After making a thorough investigation he found a few cases of actual destitution and a great many who would be greatly benefitted by being furnished work at a reasonable compensation.

He recommends that actual cases of destitution be relieved by the issuance of food and clothing, and that the balance of the money be spent in building roads and bridges. He especially requests that some method be adopted whereby seed wheat can be furnished.

Death of Mrs. Judge Cooley.

Mary Elizabeth Cooley, wife of Judge Thomas M. Cooley, chairman of the Interstate Commerce commission, died at her home in Ann Arbor, Michigan, Sunday morning, of cancer of the stomach. Mrs. Cooley has long been prominently identified with church and charitable work in the state, having occupied the position of president of the board of Control of the state Industrial school for girls, for a number of years. Mrs. Cooley had a family of six children—four boys and two girls—all of whom are living.

Arizona Republicans.

The Republican Arizona, territorial convention met at Phoenix Aug. 29, and nominated Geo. W. Cheney for congress. The platform endorses the national administration; commends the silver bill, and insists that the free coinage of silver must follow. It requests Congress to pass, before adjournment, the bill now pending known as an act for purification of elections in Arizona, and demands the admission of the territory as a state.

Florida Republicans.

There will be no convention of Florida Republicans this year. The State Central committee on Aug. 28 put the following ticket in nomination:

For Comptroller—L. D. Ball, of Tallahassee.

For Supreme Court Judge—J. R. Challen, of Jacksonville.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A Yankee Fishing Vessel.

There was an exciting, though unsuccessful chase witnessed in St. Mary's bay, Nova Scotia, on Aug. 26. At daylight a rakish looking American seiner was noticed in the bay with boats out after a school of mackerel. The Yankee was fishing within the three-mile limit. There was great indignation on shore and on board the Canadian fishermen in the bay.

A Canadian cruiser appeared on the scene about noon. A boat was manned to board the seiner, but the seiner was not to be boarded. The cruiser gave chase and an exciting time ensued. The Yankee got away. He had a sail hung over the stern over the name.

The Balkan States.

The Paris *Figaro* says that England has made a proposition to the powers that they agree upon a federation of the Balkan states, including Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and a part of Albania. In regard to Armenia, the paper says, England will undertake an active interference until order is restored.

The French Army.

The French army manœuvres opened on August 31, in the north of France. Smokeless powder was used in the firing. The smoke was nearly invisible. The detonation was as loud as that made by the old kind of powder, and was sharper and harsher.

President Carnot is suffering from indisposition.

Floods in Switzerland.

The heavy rains continue in Switzerland causing floods in the rivers. The bridges have been carried away. Postal communication with the canton of Grisons has been cut off by the high water, and communication between places on the Arlaberg mountains has stopped owing to the same cause. A landslip has occurred in St. Gothard Pass.

The Rhine Out of its Banks.

The Rhine has overflowed its banks in the Vorarlberg district. The villages of Albach, Hohen Ems, Hoechst, Lustnau and Fuessach are flooded. Bridges have been swept away and many persons have been downed.

Socialist Gathering.

The Socialists of Berlin held a grand demonstration on Aug. 31 to celebrate the anniversary of the death of La Salle. The proceedings were orderly.

King Charles Ill.

King Charles of Portugal is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever the result of drinking polluted water. The attack is not severe and no alarm is felt regarding his condition.

Quiet in Buenos Ayres.

A dispatch from Buenos Ayres on August 27 says that the situation is improving, and that confidence in the government is restored.

DYING IN PRISON.

Fred Wittrock, the Famous Express Robber, Slowly Approaching Death.

Fred Wittrock, alias "JimCummings," thefamous express robber, is dying at Jefferson City, Missouri, in the penitentiary. On October 26, Wittrock, who is from Leavenworth, Kan., Frank Haight, a St. Louis express messenger, and a third man from Chicago, held up Express Messenger Fotheringham on a Missouri Pacific train 20 miles west of St. Louis and robbed the safe of more than $100,000.

Fotheringham was arrested for complicity, and Wittrock wrote letters to the Pinkertons signed "Jim Cummings," defending the messenger against the charge of conspiracy. The gang were arrested in Chicago, and all but $20,000 of the money recovered. Wittrock received ten years and the others seven years each. The sick convict said yesterday, "I always thought my heart was a weak spot, and I guess I'm a goner this time."

Three weeks ago he was working in the harness shop as strong and robust as any other prisoner in the penitentiary. He weighed 200 pounds and never complained of an ache or pain until two weeks ago, when he said he was ill. The next day he could not leave his cell and was taken to the hospital. The picture of the girl he was in love with and who was indirectly the cause of his arrest, has been sent to the hospital at his request and his mother has been telegraphed for.

Jim has wasted away during the past two weeks until he is only a skeleton, and those who have seen him say they do not think he will live. He suffers great agony, but does not complain. There is a rumor that he has given the warden a written confession of the train robbery for which he is serving time, and it tells where the money not recovered by the express company can be found. The warden will neither admit nor deny the truth of this story.

FAILED IN ITS EXECUTION.

A Bold Attempt to Rob a Paymaster at Cincinnati.

About 10 o'clock a. m., on August 30, when the train on the Big Four road stopped at Addyston, where the extensive iron works of the Addyston company are located, a few miles from Cincinnati, the paymaster of the company alighted, carrying a satchel with the money for the payment of the men.

Its value is variously estimated at from $11,000 to $20,000. Along with him was the superintendent of the works and an assistant.